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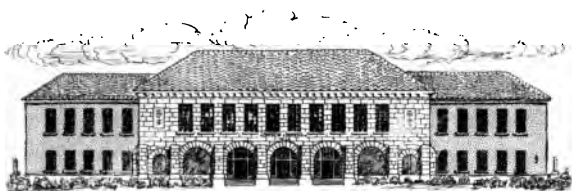
WILLIAM M. THAYER

VOLUME II

W. M. THAYER

1891

ETHICS OF SUCCESS



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WISH YOU SUCCESS.

ETHICS OF SUCCESS

A READER

FOR THE MIDDLE GRADES OF SCHOOLS.

ILLUSTRATED BY

INSPIRING ANECDOTES FROM THE LIVES
OF SUCCESSFUL MEN AND WOMEN.

By WILLIAM M. THAYER,

Author of "Ethics of Success, a Reader for the Higher Grades of Schools."

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

SAMUEL B. CAPEN,

LATE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOSTON SCHOOL BOARD.

SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY,

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1898.

S. B. Capen

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INTRODUCTION.

THE great object of life is the formation of right character, and the time to do the shaping and moulding is in childhood and youth. Next to the parent, the teacher has the greatest opportunity and influence for character building. We need, therefore, in every schoolroom men and women of the highest moral purposes; and it is one of the hopeful signs of the hour that school boards are laying emphasis more and more at this point. But teachers are hindered in their work most seriously unless they have the text-books which speak of those things which are noblest and best.

It is for this reason that we so heartily commend "Ethics of Success," which, like all of Mr. Thayer's books, holds up to the youthful mind the highest ideals.

Any new book which comes to the public has a right, like any individual, to be fairly introduced to the public by its friends. This new reader, for the grammar or middle grades in our schools, is prepared on the same general line with the author's reader for the high schools, which met with such a hearty reception from our best educators a few months ago. It has new incidents and facts, and is enriched by the introduction of standard poems from the most celebrated authors. Nor has the value of pictorial

illustrations, for the class for whom it is especially prepared, been forgotten. One of its peculiar charms is its anecdotes from real life. The child mind unaided too often forgets the most important truths when put in the abstract; they not only have a new meaning, but are remembered, when given to him clad in flesh and blood.

Into the life of many a poor boy and girl, this book will come as an inspiration; while to those whose early years have been spent in comfort and possibly in luxury, it will show what true success is. Not money, or fame, or power, but *character* is the final test of life. "It is not what a man *has* but what he *is* that makes the man."

Touching thus these highest truths which should be the warp and woof of every life, and doing it in an attractive manner, this last book of Mr. Thayer's should receive a generous reception. It is worthy of the man and his theme.

SAMUEL B. CAPEN.

Boston, March 31, 1894.

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I. WHO WINS?

WHO wins in the race of life? Who is the really successful one? Is it he who accumulates a fortune only? No. Is it he who gains the world's honors alone? No. Is it he even who acquires the most learning? No. Rather, it is he who builds the noblest character, in the circumstances. The person who improves all his powers the best he can is the one who wins, whether riches, honor, and learning are acquired or not. No life is successful without true worth. The highest manhood and womanhood is success. Evidently Shakespeare believed this, for he wrote : —

“Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he who filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor, indeed.”

Money is “trash” compared with those virtues which are a richer “ornament” than “chains about thy neck.” All who accept this truth heartily and devote themselves to their pursuits under this conviction become winners in the best sense. They see that real triumph does not depend upon the business, but upon the boy or girl. The business is only the opportunity for the doer to prove his mettle.

Of course, one person may be eminently successful on one line and not on others. One may be a distinguished financier, another a renowned orator or artist, another a statesman or clergyman, and so on to the end. But this is not the highest success. Achievement on a single line, or even on several lines, is not the highest attainment by any means, especially if spotless character does not crown all.

John Bromfield was a school-boy in Newburyport, Massachusetts, at fifteen years of age, studious but not brilliant, resolved to do his best. His father lost his property just then, by some turn of fortune, which cast a shadow over the prospects of the son for a liberal education. His two worthy aunts came to his relief, and kindly offered to pay his bills through college; but he promptly declined the offer, determined to work his own way to fortune on another line.

“Let me be apprenticed to a merchant, and I will look out for the rest,” he said.

There was the ring of manly resolve in this conclusion, which both parents and aunts recognized; and he was accordingly permitted to enter mercantile business. He possessed a fair education, was not afraid of work, was honest, frugal, and aspiring, and believed thoroughly in self-help, which is the best kind of help for everybody. More and better than that, he was actuated by Christian principle, believing that he was accountable to God for his manner of life.

He proved himself master of his business, and

continued with the firm until a financial panic broke it up. Unwilling to be idle during the paralysis of business, he donned the carpenter's apron, and proceeded to learn the trade. But soon Providence opened the door to what proved his future and profitable occupation. He went out to China as supercargo, and continued to visit that part of the world from time to time, on trading trips, until he retired from business.

Once, on a winter passage to Europe, he witnessed the suffering of the sailors from handling frozen ropes, and his great heart sprang to their relief. He took one of his thick overcoats, cut it up, and wrought it into mittens with his own hands. Every sailor was supplied with a durable pair of mittens, handsome enough for use on a winter-driven ship.

This incident was typical of the man. All through his life he was doing such things for his fellow-men. He made money, and he used it to bless his race. He did not live for himself, but for others. "Merit makes the man," he thought; and he was a striking illustration of its truth. He often repeated this couplet:—

"The good must merit God's peculiar care,
And none but God can tell us who they are."

At his death, nearly all his estate was given to benevolent and philanthropic societies, together with TEN thousand dollars to his native town for planting and preserving trees and keeping sidewalks in repair. That was over forty years ago; and to-day Newbury-

port sits upon the banks of the Merrimac, a gem of beauty, her thriving population enjoying the thoughtful munificence of John Bromfield, that has lined their streets with shade trees, and invested the town with the charm of rural simplicity. The memory of their departed townsman continues as fresh and green as the leaves upon the maples and elms that embower their habitations in summer.

Antony Ashley Cooper was a London lad, whose manly bearing, at twelve years of age, attracted the attention of observers. He was not only talented, but the noblest impulses controlled him. He improved every opportunity at school and elsewhere to fit himself for manhood. "I will do right, whatever may come of it," he said in his youth, and in meridian life this was still his motto.

He was promoted to public life at an early age, and interested himself in every legislative measure that was designed to aid the poor and unfortunate. His purse was open to every call for charity, and time would fail to tell of all the legislative acts he devised or aided to benefit the working classes. "The Factory and Workshop Act," the "Mining Act," to aid miners, "The Lunatic Commission," "The Children and Employment Commission," "The Print Works Act," "Lodging House Act," "Ragged School Act," and others of similar intent enlisted his best efforts. In addition, every benevolent society having in view the uplifting of humanity everywhere received his heartiest support. His pen, voice, and purse were enlisted in behalf of the Missionary

Enterprise, home and foreign, the Bible Society, the Education Society, and every other institution that was known to assist suffering humanity.

With all his influence and honors, he was unassuming and humble. No pride of birth or position was in his heart. He was just as much at home in the hall of the costermongers, whose condition was greatly benefited by his efforts, as he was in the Queen's palace at Windsor, where he was often an invited guest.

At one time he was invited to meet a thousand of his friends at their hall, and there he found a handsome donkey, decorated with ribbons of all colors. The donkey was the costermonger's beast of burden, and, through Lord Shaftesbury's influence, the useful animal was treated far better than formerly; and this prominence of the long-eared guest was a recognition of the statesman's proverbial kindness. The donkey was led upon the platform and presented to him as a gift, whereupon Lord Shaftesbury vacated the chair, and, putting his arm around the animal's neck, thanked the givers for the welcome present.

"When I have passed away," he said, "I desire no more said of me than that I have done my duty, as the poor donkey has done his, with patience and uncomplaining resignation." The donkey was then led down the steps of the platform, when the great man remarked, "I hope the reporters will observe that, the donkey having vacated the chair, the place was taken by Lord Shaftesbury."

The two men presented to the reader in this

chapter were truly successful. Neither of them acquired princely fortunes, such as are accumulated in our day; nor were they inducted into the highest offices within the gift of the people; yet their success was of the highest type. They became uncrowned kings, and received the golden honors that character always commands.

“This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night that thou mayest observe to do all that is written therein; **FOR THEN THOU SHALT HAVE GOOD SUCCESS.**”

II.

STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

A FORTUNE is the ideal of success with many youths. They read of poor boys going to New York or Boston, London or Paris, and finally becoming the millionnaires of those cities. They can buy every luxury and worldly pleasure there is; and they are honored far more than many of the best men who ever lived. It is not strange, in these circumstances, that boys especially should conclude that wealth is the greatest thing to be sought for. They believe that to be rich is to be happy and respected, and so they want to be rich. Thus deluded, many enter the race for riches without regard for anything else.

The following story of two brothers will show, by contrast, how erroneous and misleading such ideas are. And this is only one of thousands of kindred

facts that might be adduced to prove that accumulating a fortune may prove the greatest failure.

Two brothers were left five hundred dollars each by their deceased father. "I will take this money and make myself a rich man," said Henry. He believed that wealth was the greatest thing on earth. "I will take this money and make myself a good man," said George, the elder. Henry, though having but little education, ceased going to school, and entered the world of traffic. He was quick-witted, shrewd, and willing to work hard for money. At the end of a year he had one thousand dollars. In five years he was worth twenty thousand dollars; and at fifty he was called a millionaire.

George did not believe that success is getting money. He knew there was something better than wealth, and he looked for it. He spent two thirds of his money in going to school, before taking up his chosen occupation. Then he purchased a few acres of land near a thriving city, and became a farmer.

After the lapse of about forty years, the two brothers met at George's house. George was a vigorous, alert, handsome man, the very picture of health and happiness, though nearly sixty years of age. Henry was nervous, thin, and infirm, and walked like an old man, though several years younger than George. In his race for riches, he had completely broken down. On the other hand, George was as sound and hearty as he was at twenty-one.

They went into the library, where George spent all his leisure time. Henry had no more interest in

the books than in so many stones; he had no taste for reading. They went into the garden. Henry began to cough, and said he was afraid of the east wind. George called his attention to some beautiful shade trees; but Henry only answered, "Pshaw!" They visited the greenhouse; Henry remarked, "I don't care much for these things." "Are you fond of paintings and engravings?" inquired George. "No, no," replied Henry; "I can't tell one daub from another." "Well, you must hear my daughter Edith play on the piano!" "Oh, don't, brother, don't; I never could endure music." "But what can I do to interest you?" continued George, almost in despair; "shall we take a ride?" After a silence of a few moments, Henry answered, "If you please, you may take me down to the bank, and I will have a chat with the president." George was glad to take him there.

Here was a man who had given his life to money-making, and he was nothing but a wreck. His body was shattered, and his mind, too; and he could find no enjoyment in anything but the god he had worshipped—gold. He was not a bad man—he was known as a moral man. But he had made a grave mistake; and he saw it when he contrasted his life with that of his brother; and he said, out of the depths of his disappointment:—

"George, you can just support yourself comfortably with your income, and I have money enough to buy up your whole town, including the bank; and yet your life is a success, and mine a dead failure."

III.

UP AND DOING.

THIS is a good motto for young people to adopt. It means about the same as Jesus meant when He said, "Whatsoever thy hands find to do, do it with thy might." Do not grovel. Do not delay. Do not lounge. Be up and doing. Work is something that ought to be done; do it. Do it *now*, while the day of labor is on. "Soon the night cometh when no man can work."

Many think that only the poor need to be up and doing—that the rich can sit and lounge at their pleasure. Not so. Our motto is everybody's motto. The millionaire needs to put it in practice to keep his health and his money. The wealthiest man in our country was the busiest man of his time. He arose early and worked late. He had no time to visit or recreate. He was forced to use all of his time by day to be sure that his investments were safe. In every community, as a rule, the rich men are the busiest men. They have a score of irons in the fire, and it keeps them on the alert to attend to all of them when hot. Many of them are never seen at the social gathering or the public lecture, because they are busy about their affairs. The well-to-do and the poor are there, many of them never stopping to think of the burdens of labor their rich neighbors are carrying. They are "up and doing" all the time, except when night lures their tired selves to rest.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, who was the richest man in the United States when he died, went out into the world to seek his fortune at sixteen, with just one hundred dollars that he earned by hard work. When he died at eighty, he could say that he had made one million dollars for every year of his life. How did he do it? By putting thought and work into every day of his life. He had no time for mere pleasure, not even time to read. Some one asked him, "What is the secret of your success?" "Secret?" he replied. "There is no secret in it. All you have to do is to attend to your business and go ahead." That is, "be up and doing." Of course, Mr. Vanderbilt did not mean that native capacity for business and opportunity had nothing to do with his success; for they had. But he meant that these could not have gained for him an immense fortune without attending to business and "going ahead."

At the age of eleven years, George Peabody, of Danvers, was obliged to leave school and home to serve in a grocery. His father was so poor a man that it was necessary for his children to earn a livelihood very early in life. For this reason, George entered the grocer's service in his native town, and proved himself the right boy in the right place. He was very active, industrious, and persistent in serving his employer well. The latter learned to love and value him for his fidelity and gentlemanly bearing; for he was as polite as he was faithful.

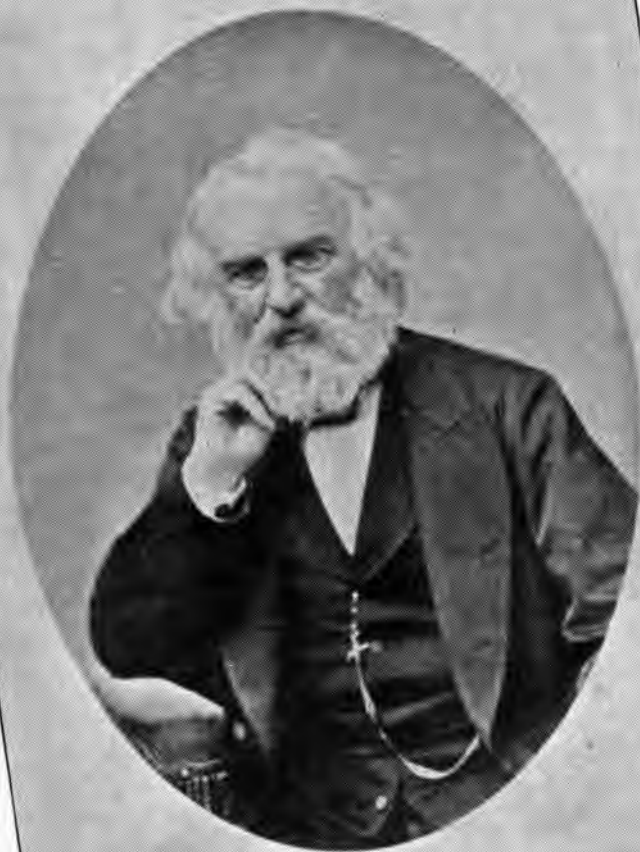
He remained four years in the grocery, and then removed to Thetford, Vt., and spent one year with

his maternal grandfather. His energy, industry, and uprightness caused this aged relative to predict that the enterprising youth would become a distinguished man.

His brother David was the proprietor of a draper's shop in Newburyport, Mass., and needed George for his clerk. He went there with high hopes; but the store was soon burned, and his hopes were dashed. He was thrown out of employment by this calamity, but he was not disheartened. Although he was an orphan at this time, without employment or money, he did not sit down and nurse his troubles. There was too much life and resolution in him for that. "Up and doing" was his motto, and soon after he was driving his uncle's business in Georgetown, District of Columbia.

Here his great activity and sterling character won for him a wide popularity, so that, at nineteen, a merchant of Georgetown, by the name of Riggs, invited him to become his partner in a remunerative business. From this time his signal success was assured, and in 1837 he became a banker in the city of London, England. At fifty years of age, his fame as a London banker of signal ability and honesty had spread over Europe and America. He lived plainly, practised the closest economy, dealt justly, and kept pushing onward and upward.

Mr. Peabody became one of the wealthiest men of his time; and his noble character was worth more than his money. It was said of him, "with a private life above reproach, and a professional character dis-



HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

tinguished even among the merchant princes of England, he had come to be pointed out, both at home and abroad, as the model of a man and a merchant."

He once said to a friend, "It has been my constant prayer to God for twenty years that I might accumulate a large sum of money to give in charity to the poor," and his prayer was answered. He amassed a fortune of nearly ten million dollars, and the poor of England and America received the lion's share of it. His life taught man how to make money and how to spend it, the latter lesson being the more important of the two.

A missionary's son remained in the Sandwich Islands in mercantile business, after his father's death and his mother's return to the United States. There came a time when his unprincipled partner cheated him out of his last dollar. In writing to his mother of his loss, he said, "I have good health, a good reputation, and sixty-seven cents in my pocket,—a good capital to begin business anew with." His mother concluded that a young man of such grit and force would work his own way to success. George Peabody, as we have seen, was once as badly off as the missionary's son, but he never despaired. Aroused by adversity to nobler deeds, he made his life illustrious, and became the wise benefactor of his race; illustrating Longfellow's beautiful "Psalm of Life."

IV.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

What the Heart of the Young Man said to the Psalmist.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
 Finds us further than to-day.

Art is long and time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
 Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
 Let the dead past bury the dead!
Act, act in the living present!
 Heart within and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time :

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

V.

BUSY HANDS.

AN old fable tells us that a dying father said to his sons, "My children, I am now departing from this life, and all that I have to leave you will find in the vineyard." Supposing that he had buried the treasure there, the sons proceeded to dig for it. Day after day they labored with a diligence never shown before, until they had turned over the soil in all the vineyard, but without finding the fortune. Each day they were stimulated to continue by the thought that, although unsuccessful to-day, to-morrow would uncover the treasure. But no wealth was found.

Their father's lesson, however, was learned. The thorough work performed, digging, digging, digging, improved the vines wonderfully, so that they yielded

fruit as never before, and the vineyard became their fortune. We imagine that the sons belonged to that class of shiftless boys who dread labor, and really believe that it is not a blessing to be obliged to work. Their father understood that they needed to know the value of industry, and he improved the last chance of his life to teach them its worth.

Many people deceive themselves in the same way. To live without work appears to them the greatest thing on earth. They labor because they must, or starve. They never stop to think that "busy hands" are the only hands that prosper anywhere. Strange as it is, they set a higher value upon idleness, which they may call by some other name, than they do upon industry. Scores of this class never see their mistake until they become paupers or criminals. If it cost hard work to obtain water, as it does to obtain bread, lazy people would choke to death.

"The sleep of a laboring man is sweet." The highest authority says this. Industry promotes health, so that the toiler feels strong and vigorous, and when he retires at night, after a busy day's work, his sleep is sweet. He awakes in the morning refreshed, and cheerily begins another day's labor, "whistling as he goes."

"He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread." The same high authority states this truth. If he will not work for his bread he will go hungry for the want of it. Industry is not only the great bread-winner, but it produces all the wealth of the world. Busy hands make riches.

“The hand of the diligent shall bear rule.” Here it is again, on the authority of the Bible, the industrious man “shall bear rule.” That is, he will be honored. People will look up to him with respect and confidence. On the other hand, the lazy person is not respected ; he is despised. No one wants him around. His room is better than his company.

There was an old Roman, by the name of Cresinus, who would harvest larger and better crops than any other farmer in the empire. People wondered how it was done, and there was great excitement over his success. At length he was accused of sorcery by a man who could not understand how he could produce so large crops by legitimate means. He was brought into court for trial. Cresinus met the charge by displaying his fine implements of husbandry, his well-fed oxen, and his robust, rosy-cheeked daughter, saying, as he pointed to them, “These, Romans, are my instruments of witchcraft, but I cannot here show you my labors, sweats, and anxious cares.” The mystery of his success was solved. The neighbors had mistaken industry for sorcery.

Benjamin Franklin was a busy boy, because his father sought to establish him in industrious habits by wise counsels and plenty to do. It became second nature to him to work. He disliked to dip candles, and yet he continued to do it so long as his father required, because obedience was as prominent a virtue with him as industry. When he learned the printer’s trade, every moment was sacredly employed. Out of working hours he was poring over books and storing

his mind with useful knowledge. The older he grew the more careful and resolute he became to improve every moment. Work was a pleasure to him. He never wasted time in wishing he could live an easy life; he had too much wisdom to indulge in such dreams. Out of his own experience in a busy life grew those useful maxims that he penned for the entertainment and profit of the ages. Some of them are as follows : —

“Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright.”

“The sleeping fox catches no poultry.”

“Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy.”

“He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night, while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.”

“He that hath a trade hath an estate; and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor.”

“At the workingman’s house hunger looks in, but dares not enter.”

Louis XIV. of France was not trained in industrious habits. There was no special need of it, his guardians thought, since he was to live a king. They forgot that God requires kings to labor in their way as really as their subjects. The consequence was that he was uncultured, ignorant, and inefficient when he came to his throne. He found himself handicapped on every hand. He knew nothing about the work of king or subject, and, in the midst of his embarrassment he cried out, “Why was I not educated

in these things in my youth?" On being told that he was an obstinate child, unwilling to study or work, he responded, "Was there not birch enough in the forests of Fontainebleau?"

The great men of our land, without exception, have been industrious. Washington, Jefferson, Jay, Roger Sherman, Jackson, Clay, Lincoln, Garfield, and a host of others from their earliest boyhood were drilled in work, thereby sharpening their intellects and developing their ability and manhood for the duties of public life.

VI.

WORK OR PLAY.

It is quite time that the question whether boys and girls shall work or play was settled. Many of them believe that childhood and youth should be given to play — that work is for men and women. Not a few parents entertain the same opinion, and so plan for sons and daughters on that basis. It is not strange, in these circumstances, that so many young people count on play instead of work.

But there is no reason why our youth should not work. We do not mean on the farm, in the shop or store, or in the mill, as they will later on; for youth is the springtime of life, when school and home duties make large demands. But the good scholar works; and hard work it is that he does, leaving only a fraction of his time for play. The obedient son works about his home, doing chores, milking, taking

care of horses and cattle, and performing a variety of errands. The true daughter works, also, assisting her mother to keep the house neat and tidy, sewing, sweeping, dusting, washing dishes, and taking care of her own wardrobe. This is work — necessary, honorable work. She works in the schoolroom, too, if she has a creditable ambition to excel. There is nothing valuable for young people to acquire that can be had without earnest work. Play will not do it.

For this reason, neither old nor young should think for a moment that youth is the time for play instead of work. If “all play and no work makes Jack a dull boy” be true, then work should have its place. And this truth becomes more important when we consider that the lazy, idle, shiftless boy makes a poor apology for a man. All play is the worst sort of idleness, and idleness is always and everywhere a curse. Play, or recreation, must have a place, both in early and later life, but it is not the first place by any means. Work is the rule, play the exception.

A glance at the life-sketches in this Reader will show that successful men and women were workers in their youth. The work-habit was established in early life, just as other good habits are formed. They never believe that youth should be given to play, but to work, — school-work, home-work, brain-work, hand-work. To them youth was the golden opportunity to prepare for manhood and womanhood, which work, and not play, alone can do.

Benjamin Thompson, known in history as Count Rumford, was born in Woburn, Mass., in 1753. He was a brilliant boy, and at ten years of age had advanced as far in his studies as the worthy school-master could guide him. In consequence, he was sent elsewhere for private instruction. He studied hard, not only in school, but out of school. He had absolutely no time for play.

At sixteen he became a business man's clerk in Salem, where he devoted himself closely to his work during business hours, and studied as hard as ever during every spare moment he could snatch, day or evening. When, subsequently, he lost his place, on account of financial depression, he spent no time in idle dreaming or sport, but attended lectures at Harvard College, pursued astronomy and other sciences at home, and thus laid the foundation of his fame as a thinker, statesman, scientist, and philanthropist in this country and Europe.

He won because he did not believe that youth is the time for play instead of work. A harder working boy never lived, and a more industrious man was never known. It was said of him in manhood, "So confirmed was he in habits of industry and method that it was impossible to tear him from his task."

Cleopatra was a renowned queen of Egypt, with gold, silver, gems, pleasure, and power at her command. She was reared in play and pleasure, and her womanhood bore the fruits of that mistake. On one occasion, she dissolved a jewel worth three

hundred and seventy-five dollars, and drank it to the health of Mark Antony. She would never have been guilty of so foolish an act had she not given her youth to play instead of work.

Not so with Cornelia, a Roman lady of fortune and learning. She was trained in industrious habits in childhood and youth, and, in her royal womanhood, devoted herself to the daily duties of her household with as much care and tireless interest as the humblest mother in the realm. A lady of the nobility called upon her and asked to see her jewels. Cornelia presented her children, saying, "*These are my jewels*" — a rebuke that the "Lady of Campania," whose idea of gems, diamonds, and bracelets was the play-side of life, must have felt keenly. Rollin says of these two Roman women, "We need only examine our own thoughts in relation to these two ladies, to find out how far superior is the noble industry and simplicity of the one to the idle life and vain magnificence of the other."

VII.

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.

DR. ALCOTT, the celebrated author of a former generation, was wont to address young people, as well as to write books for them. One of his frequent remarks was "keep your eyes open"; by which he meant, be on the alert to observe things; cultivate the faculty of OBSERVATION. Once he asked a school how many pillars supported the front

of the building in which they were, and not one could answer. They had been in and out of the building week after week without noticing the number of pillars. "If you had kept your eyes open, you could have told," he said. In other words, they were not observing.

The mind sees in the observation to which Dr. Alcott referred. When Brunel noticed how the ship-worm perforated the timbers with its armed head, he saw at once how he might tunnel the River Thames. Other men had seen the ship-worm work, but they did not learn therefrom how to tunnel a river. It was because they saw only with their eyes; their thoughts were not there. A Massachusetts soldier was in the South, during the late Civil War, and he caught a rice-bird one day. On examining its bill carefully, he learned how it hulled rice so rapidly; and it suggested to him a rice-hulling machine, which he invented at the close of the war. A young man, who had studied agricultural chemistry, including mineralogy, was travelling in Maine. In a certain locality he noticed bricks of a peculiar color. Why this color? he inquired of himself. He traced them to the clay-bed that furnished the material, and became satisfied that there was great value in that land. He bought the farm for fifteen hundred dollars, and, subsequently, sold half of it in Boston for four thousand.

Here was close observation, in which the mind figured more than the eyes. The intellect was on the alert to know the reason of what is seen. The

whys and wherefores reveal themselves to sharp observers, as in the incidents narrated. With some, it



WATT AND THE TEAKETTLE.

is a natural gift ; with others, it is acquired. It is well worth cultivating, as it certainly may be, because it is needed everywhere and by everybody. A good stock of it in some successful men has been mistaken for genius.

The want of this quality exposes one to various evils. Without it, the reader of books is superficial, and the scholar gets little good, comparatively, out of his lessons. The traveller pays little or no attention to the landscape, farms, flocks, and crops on his journey. The purchaser overlooks defects in the cloth or carpet he buys. And the young person, blind to the tendency of acts, is lured into vice. Observation is indispensable at all these and kindred points ; and only an active, bright mind possesses it in a good degree. It cannot dwell with dulness and ignorance. Discipline of the head and heart brings it to the front.

James Watt was a boy of close observation. He sat in the chimney-corner and noticed that the steam lifted the cover of the teakettle as the water boiled. Why is that ? he asked himself. Multitudes had observed the same phenomenon without even thinking of any reason for it. But young Watt sought the cause. He began to investigate and ask questions. Perhaps his parents thought he was queer and foolish. In time, however, it was proved that he was a young philosopher, and began there, over the steaming teakettle, to solve one of the great problems of human progress. Out of Watt's study of steam in the teakettle came the steam-engine.

The highest use of observation is moral. When youth go out into the world to seek a livelihood, they will meet with temptations on every hand — temptations to be untrue and hypocritical, to depart from what they know is right, to deceive, swear, overreach, and drink. In other ways, too, they will be lured from the path of strict rectitude, unless they possess a sharp observation to discern how surely such acts lead to shame and ruin. If they are careful to observe, they will learn that none of the class who yield to these temptations ever rise to positions of trust and honor. Those only who see clearly the real tendency of immoral acts will shun them, and rally all the moral forces of their being for a high-minded and conscientious career.

This observation is an element of the “wisdom” of the scriptures. “Where shall wisdom be found? It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls; for the price of wisdom is above rubies. The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold. The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.”

VIII.

EVERY-DAY OPPORTUNITIES.

MANY people do not know an opportunity when they see it. Believing that genuine opportunities are like angel's visits, few and far between, they

live in hope that some day their opportunity will come. It is not here yet; they are sure of that. Nothing that looks like it enters into their experience. When it arrives they will be satisfied, and not till then."

Isaac Walton tells of a man whom he once knew, who was trying all his life to find an opportunity to be happy. He owned several dwelling-houses, pleasantly located and well furnished, and he frequently removed from one into another. His residence in any of them was short. One day a neighbor asked him to explain why he thus removed from one house to another.

"To find a place where I can be happy," he answered.

"Well," responded the neighbor, "you will have to move a great many times before you will find it."

"How so?" the somewhat surprised man inquired.

"Simply because the happiness you are after can never be found in a house; it must be found in you, if it be found at all," was the explanation. "A man's happiness is inside of him, and not outside."

The owner of the dwellings had not thought of this, because he did not know an opportunity to be happy when he saw it. It came to him every day, but he took no note of its presence. He was sure that it was something else.

Now, opportunities are every-day affairs; and he who understands this makes the most of life. ~~Our~~

chances to improve are close by, the nearest thing at hand. It has been said that "one to-day is worth two to-morrows," and it is because to-day is crowded with opportunities that will never come again. If we improve them well, to-morrow will be worth much more to us than otherwise would be possible. To get all the help out of to-morrow that is possible, when we get to it, we must get all the help out of to-day that we can. It is in this way that youths prove they are "the architects of their own fortune," and mount the ladder of progress, round by round.

The materials for making life what it should be lie around us every day, waiting to be used. Nothing that is necessary is too unimportant or common to be appropriated. Good deeds can be done each day, and these are the bricks we build into character day by day. We can hardly count the opportunities of daily life, they are so many, when we really understand what they are. Hence, the evil of thinking that an opportunity is something to come by and by, and we must wait for it. It is here now, right by our side, and we can seize it if we will.

And this thought is of more value because an unseen hand helps those who help themselves. *That* agency invests every to-day with more value than it does any future day; and it includes the unseen as well as the seen. It takes note of everything that can make common-place life truer, and uses it so that the outcome will be nobler.

“A common-place life,” we say and we sigh;
Yet why should we sigh as we say?
The common-place sun in the common-place sky
Makes up the common-place day.

The moon and the stars are common-place things,
And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings;
Yet dark were the world and sad our lot,
If the flower failed, or the sun shone not;
And God who studies each separate soul
Out of common-place lives makes His beautiful whole.”

James A. Garfield was President of the United States a few years ago; and yet he was born in a log-cabin in Ohio when it was a wilderness. He was very poor, and when his father died, before James was two years old, he was poorer still. No schools, no church, no books, no property — this was the condition of his early childhood. How, then, did he manage to become so great a man as he did? Simply by improving every-day opportunities. As soon as he was old enough to work, at six or seven years of age, he was obliged to earn as much of his bread as he could. He rode horse to plow, did chores for people, planed boards for a carpenter, and when he was a little older, drove mules on a canal boat. After that he wanted an education, and, in order to get it, he chopped wood, worked for farmers, hoeing and haying, swept the schoolhouse and rang the bell, and, in a word, did anything he could to earn an honest penny.

He had no idle days. He lost no time in thinking of a great opportunity in the future. He did what he could each day, taking up the nearest duty,



JAMES A. GARFIELD.

whether it was chopping wood for his mother, planing boards for the carpenter, or riding horse for a neighbor. To him nothing was low or useless that was necessary to be done. And so he kept advancing, up, up, up, higher and higher, until the people made him their President. Instead of skipping every-day chances, he improved them to the best of his abilities, and they became stepping-stones to heights above.

He was a fine illustration of Longfellow's poem,—
“The Builders” — from his childhood until he attained to the zenith of his fame, building, building, with materials that a kind Providence furnished each day — the commonest and the best for a noble career.

IX.

THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of time ;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low ;
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;
Leave no yawning gaps between ;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of art,
Builder wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part ;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base ;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

X.

HOW PLACES SEEK OCCUPANTS.

It is quite generally supposed that girls and boys should seek the places they desire to fill when they

become men and women. It is not altogether a false opinion. And yet it is true that if young people will improve their time, intellects, and hearts, as best they can, the places will find them. More than one place will be after them, too ; for a person who improves his threefold nature to the highest degree is fitted for more than one occupation. He may excel in one pursuit, but he is competent in any occupation he chooses.

An intelligent widow, having an only son, was desirous of fitting him thoroughly for his life-work. She had not decided fully what occupation he should take up, although her heart's desire was that he might become a preacher. He possessed a high order of talents, was affable and graceful in his manners ; and his mother thought that the best education she could give him, with her limited means, would be of great service to him, whatever pursuit he might follow. Therefore, she was keeping him at school at great personal sacrifice.

Before he closed his studies in the high school, a merchant, who knew him well and admired his intelligent, manly bearing, high scholarship, and unblemished character, called upon his mother to secure her consent that he might become a clerk in his store.

"But he has not completed his course of study in school," the mother suggested.

"The store will be a good school for him," responded the merchant, "especially if he desires to engage in mercantile business."

"Very true; but I am not fully decided, nor is he, as to the occupation he will choose," was the widow's answer.

Suffice to say that he did not enter the store, but continued his studies. Soon after he became a high school graduate, the school committee of his own town applied to him to become the teacher of a grammar school, which proposition he declined, because he was going up higher in his studies.

Two places were after this youth. He did not seek either of them; the places sought him. This is what we meant in the outset by saying that if young people will improve their time and talents thoroughly, the places or occupations will seek them. In this case the pursuits sought him before he had completed his preparation for them.

The late poetess — Miss Lucy Larcom — was a good illustration of our theme. At an early age she became fatherless, and penury was the lot of the family. Her mother was obliged to move to Lowell to take boarders in order to support her children. Lucy was a mere girl when she was forced by want to become a factory operative. She was a talented girl, fond of books, and never allowed any leisure moments to run to waste; she embraced every opportunity to improve her mind.

The factory girls published a magazine, in which Lucy became deeply interested, and several of her early poems appeared in its columns. Her poetical genius was recognized in these poems, and their favorable reception greatly encouraged her. From

that time she resolved to acquire as good an education as was possible in the circumstances. Every moment that she could snatch from time to devote to intellectual improvement she so used with the largest liberty.

It was not long before she left the factory for school, where her advancement was phenomenal. Soon she was teaching, all the while progressing in her studies out of school, and writing poetry for the press. So rapid and thorough was her progress that, in a few years, several places sought her. She was wanted as editor, teacher, and author in several localities. She had not sought the positions, but all of them sought her; and she tried them all successfully. Her life was a poem.

XI.

THE I CANS AND I CAN'TS.

MANKIND are divided into two classes, the *I cans* and *I can'ts*. The latter class far out-numbers the former. The former do the world's thinking, and the latter are perfectly willing they should. The *I cans* are satisfied only with climbing higher and knowing more and more. The *I can'ts* are more cowardly than courageous, and lag behind rather than think and work for promotion.

A bright boy, fond of reading and thirsting for knowledge, met with the phrase, *I can't*, and he looked into the dictionary for it. To his surprise he could not find it there.

"What does this mean?" he inquired of his father. "*I can't* is not in the dictionary."

"Of course it is not, and I am glad of it," responded his father; "that means that no boy or girl should use it. No one should use a word or phrase that is not in the dictionary."

"Well, I never thought of it before," continued the lad, "but I don't like it very much. John Smith says to the teacher almost every day, 'I can't do this sum.'"

"And he is a poor scholar, is he not?" replied his father.

"Yes, sir, seldom has a perfect lesson; indeed, he never does."

Here was the gist of the matter in a nutshell. The *I can't's* never try, and nothing of importance can be accomplished without trying. The *I cans* are manly and womanly, aspiring and heroic. "Think you *can*, and you *can*," is an old maxim that has a germ of truth in it. It is almost certain that a person will not undertake a difficult task if he says, "I can't do it." This conclusion forestalls resolute effort. He gives up, beaten before he begins, which is the worst sort of surrender.

John Brown, the great English divine and scholar of the eighteenth century, was a shepherd-boy at eleven years of age. He was left an orphan at this age, homeless and penniless; and one Oglivie, a near neighbor, had pity on him and took him home to assist him in watching sheep. He soon discovered that John loved books and wanted an education, so

he encouraged him to read, and furnished him with some books.

John did not neglect the sheep, but he acquired knowledge wherever he could find it, and his progress was remarkable. He found it necessary to possess a knowledge of the Latin language, and he soon acquired it by the closest application. Then the Greek language seemed to him equally important, and he acquired that. At one time he wanted a Greek testament, and he walked in the night to St. Andrews, more than twenty miles distant, to purchase a copy. Arriving there early in the morning, clad in his shepherd dress, uncouth in his appearance, the book-seller was somewhat surprised when he called for a copy of the Greek Testament, and he began to question him. Just then one of the college professors came into the store, when the book-seller remarked, "This shepherd-boy is after a copy of the Greek Testament." The professor turned to the lad, and, after some conversation, said, "If you will read a single verse of the Greek and translate it correctly, you shall have the book for nothing." He surprised the professor by reading several verses in the Greek language and translating them, and he carried away the volume in triumph.

It was this perseverance which served him from the time he began to tend sheep to the time he became Scotland's renowned scholar and preacher. There were many tough places between the shepherd and the pulpit, but his mighty resolution carried him grandly over them all.

Daniel Webster was a timid boy, and could not command sufficient courage to declaim before the students of Exeter Academy, of which he was a member. He wrote about it as follows: "I made tolerable progress in most branches which I attended to while in this school; but there was one thing I could not do. *I could not make a declamation. I could not speak before the school.* The kind and excellent Buckminster sought especially to persuade me to perform the exercise of declamation, like other boys, but I could not do it. Many a piece did I commit to memory, and recite and rehearse in my own room, over and over again; yet when the day came, and the school collected to hear declamations, when my name was called, and all eyes were turned to my seat, I could not raise myself from it."

And yet, this timid boy, reflecting upon the disadvantage his timidity would be to him through life, and spurred on by mortification over his failures, became the finest orator in all the land. Every obstacle was swept away by his invincible resolution, until he held listening juries and Senates spellbound.

Scores of similar facts might be added from the lives of great and good men and women. They teach one necessary, practical lesson — persevere. The *I cant's* never succeed. The *I cans* always make their mark. They may not become Websters or Bancrofts, Macaulays or Longfellows, Lucy Larcoms or Margaret Fullers; but they will make their lives noble.

Perseverance is needed everywhere — nowhere

more than in school. Long lessons, difficult lessons, close study year after year — these require the spirit of a conqueror, that says, “no such word as *fail*.” Let *I can* be the motto, and *I will* springs to its defence.

There are our faults, too ; it requires a great deal of watchfulness and battling, continued for a series of months and years, to overcome them. A bad habit formed in youth often sticks to the possessor through his whole life, because he has not perseverance enough to overcome it. “Perseverance conquers all things” — the maxim is just as true here as anywhere. The worst habit will be overcome by a fearless *I can*.

That stirring poem of Barton’s, on “Bruce and the Spider,” is a fine picture of the value of perseverance to a soul that is on the verge of surrender, whether in great things or small.

XII.

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

FOR Scotland’s and for freedom’s right
The Bruce his part had played ;
In five successive fields of fight
Been conquered and dismayed.
Once more against the English host
His band he led, and once more lost
The meed for which he fought ;
And now from battle, faint and worn,
The homeless fugitive forlorn
A hut’s lone shelter sought.

And cheerless was that resting-place
For him who claimed a throne :
His canopy, devoid of grace,
The rude, rough beams alone ;
The heather couch his only bed —
Yet well I ween had slumber fled
From couch of eider-down !
Through darksome night till dawn of day,
Absorbed in wakeful thoughts he lay
Of Scotland and her crown.

The sun rose brightly, and its gleam
Fell on that hapless bed,
And tinged with light each shapeless beam
Which roofed the lowly shed ;
When, looking up with wistful eye,
The Bruce beheld a spider try
His filmy thread to fling
From beam to beam of that rude cot ;
And well the insect's toilsome lot
Taught Scotland's future king.

Six times his gossamery thread
The wary spider threw ;
In vain the filmy line was sped,
For powerless or untrue
Each aim appeared, and back recoiled
The patient insect, six times foiled,
And yet unconquered still ;
And soon the Bruce, with eager eye,
Saw him prepare once more to try
His courage, strength, and skill.

One effort more, his seventh and last ;
The hero hailed the sign !
And on the wished-for beam hung fast
That slender, silken line !
Slight as it was, his spirit caught
The more than omen, for his thought
The lesson well could trace,
Which even "he who runs may read,"
That Perseverance gains its meed,
And Patience wins the race.

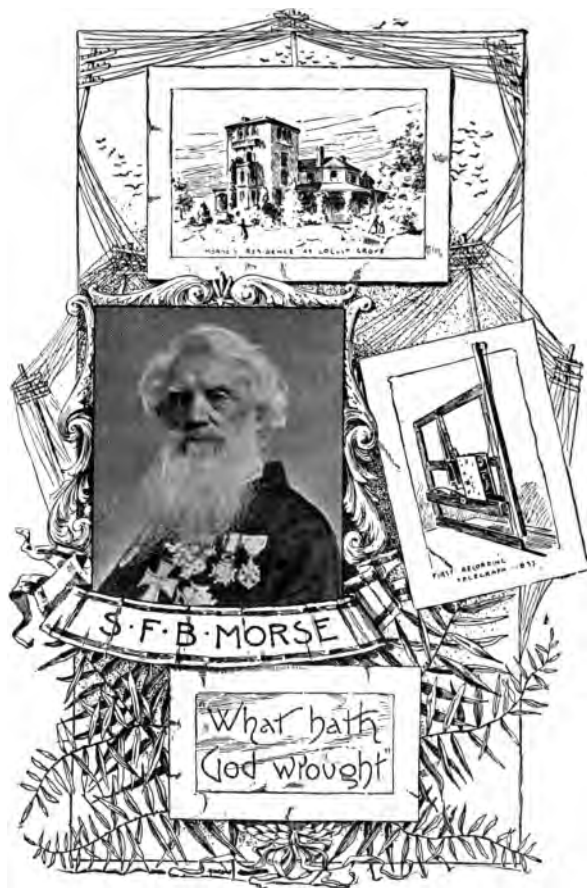
XIII.

ONE PURPOSE.

DIVINE wisdom says, "Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand, nor to the left; remove thy feet from evil." To achieve success, something more than choosing the right way and shunning evil is necessary; there must be singleness of purpose, that keeps the eye on the mark from beginning to end. One purpose must animate the soul, so that life will not be frittered away in changing from one employment to another. "A rolling stone gathers no moss." The young person who goes forth without aim, following one pursuit for a time and then another, will certainly fail to make a mark.

Thousands have failed because they had "too many irons in the fire." Their attention was so

divided that they could do nothing well; they ran from one thing to another, perfecting nothing. They are found in this, that, and the other place, doing no



more than just enough to keep soul and body together. Their lives verify the old proverb, "The

master of one trade will support a wife and seven children, and the master of seven will not support himself." If there be any one example to be shunned, it is that of "the jack at all trades and good for none."

Robert Fulton early conceived the idea of running a vessel by steam. Many scientific and learned men thought he was visionary. Scarcely any one among all his friends encouraged him. Yet, he adhered to his project of building a steamer. The idea possessed his soul, and he pushed ahead. He caused everything to favor and nurse this idea. This one purpose engaged his whole being. The more friends and strangers ridiculed, the more he was determined to build a steamboat. With a singleness of aim that could not be turned aside, he thought and labored until his highest hopes were realized, and the world was compelled to admit that steam navigation was a fact. His one undivided, pushing purpose built the first steamer; and to-day the idea which his singleness of purpose converted into a fact makes the whole world kin.

Morse, the author of the telegraph, believed in his enterprise no less because his neighbors ridiculed the project. The journals of the day might make him the laughing stock of editors; he cared nothing for that so long as the way was open to the consummation of his purpose. Undeterred by derision, undismayed by opposition, he concentrated all his thoughts and energies to hasten the day when a message might be wired across the continent. Nor was his deter-

mined purpose vain. He even built better than he knew ; Providence bestowed more than he asked for at first. For he occupied the platform in a large hall in New York, and, with his instrument, sent a message around the world.

All great achievers in past ages possessed this singleness of purpose, without exception. Without it, Columbus never would have started upon the voyage that made his name immortal. Without it, Washington and his fellow-patriots never would have endured the hardships and perils of a seven years' war for independence. Without it, the pioneers of civilization would never have penetrated the western wilderness, and made the desert blossom as the rose. Without it, the golden treasures of the Rocky Mountains would still have been locked within their vaults. Indeed, the purpose to win, achieving something better and better, onward and upward, without let or hinderance, to the end, near or far, has made our republic what it is.

XIV.

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

It is true, sometimes, that a rare opportunity on the way to success presents itself to a person, never to appear again. Unless discerned and utilized at the time, it is lost forever. Many fail to see it when it comes, and so dwell thereafter among the unfortunates, who let slip the chance of their lives.

It is worth the while for young people to think of this as a fact of great importance. If it be true

that the one opportunity to become successful may appear when they least expect it, they should be on the alert. Opportunity is a coy creature, and cannot be held and satisfied without prompt and close attention. There is an old Latin maxim that, translated, runs thus: "Opportunity has hair in front, behind she is bald; if you sieze her by the forelock, you may hold her, but if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again."

Shakespeare says : —

" There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea we are now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures."

The late Dr. William Ellery Channing, of Boston, was but a lad when Dr. Stiles and Father Thurston were wont to call upon his parents to converse upon the religious doctrines and topics of the day. He listened to their discussions with lively interest, and, in consequence, they gave direction to his future life. His views and plans were determined by those conversations, to a great extent, as he always said. They were not instituted to impress his mind; indeed, the future of the boy was not at all in the minds of the scholars at the time; but the opportunity was no less valuable to him, as the future of his remarkable career proved.

Mary Lyon, founder of Mount Holyoke Female

Seminary, South Hadley, Mass., had a remarkable teacher at fourteen years of age. As a young, observing girl, she not only heeded the lessons of her instructor, but studied her influence as well. She thought of the wide and great influence a successful teacher must exert upon her pupils, fitting them in turn for widespread influence one or two decades hence. Then and there she resolved to become a teacher. She was poor, and could not see how her purpose could be accomplished; still, she resolved to become a teacher. It was the chance of her life, and the sequel proved that she made good use of it. She taught three thousand young ladies in the seminary she founded, a large number of whom became teachers and wives of professional men, and forty of them missionaries in different parts of the world. But for her recognizing a golden opportunity when that faithful teacher was moulding her life, she might not have become a teacher at all.

Anna Sewall, author of "Black Beauty," the story of a horse, was made a cripple for life in her girlhood. She bore her hardship with true Christian submission, and scattered sunshine all about her. She loved her father's black horse with all her heart, and talked to him, on her rides, as she would to a friend.

It was on one of these pleasure trips that a friend from America (Anna was born and lived in Yarmouth, England,) told her something Dr. Horace Bushnell had written about animals; and it was so much like what Anna had been thinking about that

it made a deep impression upon her mind. From that time she wondered if she could not do something to make people kind to dumb animals, especially to horses.

Here her book was born. Although a cripple, and otherwise feeble, she seemed to see a rare chance for herself to plead the cause of animals that are shamefully abused; and she resolved to make the most of the chance. People in every land know what good use she made of that one chance of her lifetime, for "Black Beauty" has been translated into many languages and read in all parts of the civilized world. It has turned the hearts of thousands in tenderness towards dumb animals, and thus created a new era of kindness for them.

Anna lived long enough to know of the remarkable success of her book, and her heart overflowed with gratitude to God for guiding her into this way of usefulness. It was a revelation to her that God could give a chance to a seemingly useless young life to be felt all over the world. She was very grateful for it.

Her mother wrote the following account of the last fifteen minutes of her brief but precious life:—

"About a quarter of an hour before she passed away, she said, 'Pray,' and my Philip commended her into her Redeemer's hands, giving thanks for her full salvation, for all He had revealed to her, and for her perfect peace. She said, 'Amen; it is all quite, quite true.' Then in a clear voice she said: 'I am quite ready.' Her eyes sought me again. I laid my

cheek on hers; a few more long-drawn breaths and she had left me behind. *The angel had gone out of the house and left a void never to be filled till we meet again."*

Youth should never forget that the one chance of life may come. Be quick to discover and ready to improve it when it does come. This will require foresight, wisdom, promptitude, decision, aspiration, and noble purpose.

XV.

TRUE COURAGE.

No person is quite willing to be a coward, for a coward is not respected. There is so much in life which demands true courage that this quality ranks high. It is quite impossible to live as we ought without it.

Courage like that of the men on board the *Birkenhead* off the coast of Africa, in 1852, goes down through generations with accumulating honors. When it became known that the vessel must sink, the cry went up, "*Save the women and children.*" The boats were lowered, and one by one these helpless creatures were lifted carefully into them, while the brave men looked on in silence, or tasked their energies to save the weaker ones. Not a word or act of fear or alarm escaped their lips, and down they went with the ill-fated craft beneath the billows. Their heroic deed will live in history.

But we do not mean the courage that wins battles on bloody fields, or defies the storm at sea, or resists

the midnight robber, commendable as this may be. We refer, rather, to that courage which is as necessary for boys and girls as it is for their fathers and mothers in the work of life. The young are not called to face armies and assassins, but they are called every day to face duties and tasks which require true courage. For the want of it, many a youth has failed to make a true man or woman. The highest courage is moral, and not physical.

Many years ago a boy fifteen years old entered the Academy of Plainfield, Massachusetts, and said to the principal: —

“I came to see if I could get an education here.”

“Have you any acquaintances here or elsewhere who can render you assistance?” inquired the teacher.

“No, I have no friends to assist me.”

“Cannot your parents help you?”

“No; they are not able to render me the least assistance.”

“How, then, do you expect to get an education?” continued the teacher.

“I do not know; and that is what I came here to find out.”

The principal was a wise, observing man, and he saw at once that a youth of no common mould stood before him. “He must be as courageous as he is ambitious, to seek an education without money or a friend to aid him,” he said within himself. He made a place for the lad in the school. Forty years from that time, this boy, Jonas King, was the great missionary to Greece, whose destiny was settled by his

labors in that interesting land. Courage did it. None but a youth who dared to undertake a work in the face of stupendous difficulties would ever be found knocking thus at the gate of learning.

Amos Lawrence was one of five boys in a variety store in Groton, Massachusetts, his native place. It was before the temperance reform began, and intoxicating liquors were sold in the store. Every day the five boys, together with the men, were invited, about eleven o'clock, to take a drink. As everybody used liquors at that time, Amos accepted the invitation, and continued the practice about four weeks, when he discovered that he was acquiring an appetite for it.

"Not another glass shall I drink," he said to the boys. The boys laughed and made fun of him, but he stood by his resolution, which required great courage. To cut loose from a perilous custom, which every one in the store adopted, demanded the spirit of a hero. He treated tobacco in the same way, notwithstanding his companions made fun of what they called his "oddity."

At twenty, Amos Lawrence removed to Boston, and at fifty he was one of the richest and noblest merchants of that city — an honored benefactor and philanthropist. Once he wrote of the stand he took against strong drink and tobacco in the Groton store, as follows :

"I never drank another drop of rum in that store, nor used tobacco in any form. I have never in my life smoked a cigar and never chewed a quid. Now,

I say, to this simple fact of starting *just right* am I indebted for my present position, as well as that of the numerous connections around me."

Thus courage serves its possessor well. We need it every hour. Young people need it in their sports and tasks, in their studies and plans. Without it, they cannot be thoroughly obedient at home, nor first-class pupils in school. Courage is needed to decide for the right, as well as to attack a difficult lesson. A brave youth is the one who tackles a hard problem with the resolution to solve it, if it takes the whole term.

XVI.

TIME ENOUGH.

MANY people fail to make their mark because they think there is time enough and to spare. The consequence of this false idea is the value of time is not appreciated, and, therefore, much of it is wasted. The earnest, presevering worker knows the value of every moment. He can scarcely crowd all that he has to do into each day. If he could make time, he would add somewhat to the hours and minutes allotted. As he cannot do that, he works early and late, improving each "shining hour." A Boston merchant once said, "Tell me how a clerk spends his evenings, and I will tell you how he will come out." He could easily do that, for there is only one result of misspent time.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gray was the wife of the richest man in Massachusetts, in her womanhood. Many

others, in like circumstances, set no great value upon time, and so wasted it. Not so with her. She was as economical of her time as she would have been if dependent upon daily labor for support. History says, "She divided her time between reading, household affairs, and duties to society in such a manner as never to be in a hurry." Industrious, busy people need not hurry, because they improve their time promptly; but the lazy ones keep running after wasted moments and never overtake them. Mrs. Gray used moments to the best advantage when she had them, so that she never had any lost ones to run after.

Dr. Franklin said, "Time is the stuff life is made of." No time, no life. There is just enough time, when improved, to make life what it ought to be — neither too much nor too little. God would not provide a scant pattern of time for a good life. His rule is just enough of time and all indispensable things for a noble life-purpose.

An ancient philosopher called time "my estate." It was really all he was worth. Its proper use would assure him a livelihood, perhaps wealth and great usefulness. Such was the value he set upon it, and, of course, he never said "time enough," meaning that there is so much of it that diligence and despatch are unnecessary.

Cardinal Mazarin said to a friend, "Time and I against any two." He expressed thereby his high appreciation of time. Give him that and he would accomplish, by its careful improvement, what would shame time-wasters. Two men, inclined to delay

because they thought there was "time enough," are not a match for him.

An old dry-goods merchant, of London, began that business at thirteen years of age. Up to that year he had been reared to the improvement of every moment of time. "Time waits for no man," his father would say, and drive him to his tasks. In the store, "on getting up in the morning, instead of washing and dressing for the day, he was obliged to put on some old clothes, take down the shutters of the store, then clean the brass signs and the outside of the shop windows, leaving the inside to be washed by the older clerks. When he had done this, he was allowed to go upstairs, wash himself, dress for the day, and eat his breakfast. Then he took his place behind the counter for fourteen hours." "Hard life," we say; but the wealthy, honored merchant said, "Using every bit of time there was to accomplish something has made me what I am."

Gibbon, the historian, was more prudent of his time than he was of his money. That he might not lose a single moment, he was in his study at six o'clock in the morning, summer and winter. "Before nine o'clock in the morning," remarked Bowditch, "I learned all my mathematics." "Whatever I have accomplished in the way of commentary on the Scriptures," said Doddridge, "is to be traced to the fact of rising at four in the morning." Said Barnes, "My commentaries were all written before breakfast." Jeremy Bentham wrote, "It is a calamity to lose the smallest portion of time." It was

said of Burney, author of the "History of Music," "he profited from every payment of leisure." Napoleon remarked, "Every moment lost gives an opportunity to misfortune."

Such is the value set upon time by all great and successful workers. They never had any moments to throw away. They saved their time quite as economically as they did their money. Time was worth more to them than money, as it should be to every one; hence the good use they made of it.

XVII.

DEPEND UPON YOURSELF.

A DISTINGUISHED American was a hod-carrier for brick-layers in his early life. He was asked how it was that he achieved so great success, and he answered, "By depending upon myself." He had no rich friends to aid him, and no coveted position was in sight. If he reached a post of honor, it must be done by his own plans and labors. Such was his prospect when he started in life, and he accepted the situation and worked his way onward and upward.

This quality is called self-reliance, which is a manly virtue. Self-confidence and selfishness are no part of it. It is found in company with humility, self-respect, and moral principle, when it is genuine. "Heaven helps those who help themselves." And its great value is in the discipline that self-reliance brings to the whole man. "The reward is in the race we run, not in the prize."

"Those few, to whom is given what they ne'er earned,
Having by favor or inheritance
The dangerous gifts placed in their hands,
Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride
That glows in him who on himself relies,
Entering the lists of life. He speeds beyond
Them all, and foremost in the race succeeds.
His joy is not that he has got his crown,
But that the power to win the crown is his." *

The late Lucy Stone was a farmer's daughter, sharing all the privations incident to a farmer's family



"PADDLING MY OWN CANOE."

sixty years ago. As she advanced to womanhood, she was deeply impressed with the wrongs that laws and customs inflicted upon her sex. Their rights to

* Rogers.

property, social standing, education, and a score of other things were far inferior to those of men, and she thought they ought to be equal. They were not allowed to choose certain occupations, and for the same kind and amount of work they received only half as much pay. Many such wrongs she observed, and resolved that she would devote her life to removing them.

She had no one to assist her, but many to oppose her, of both sexes. She must acquire more education, post herself thoroughly upon the laws and customs relating to women, and somehow enlist public interest in the necessary reform. It was a mammoth undertaking for a young woman to assume, but she was equal to the occasion. Relying upon herself entirely, she went to work lecturing, writing, conversing, preaching, to educate public sentiment on the subject. Opposition to her labors was widespread and violent at first, but she went forward, trusting in God and the right, from victory to victory. When she died, her fame had spread over nearly all lands, and it was generally conceded that her philanthropic spirit and plans had removed most of the wrongs her sex bore a half century ago. If she had depended upon others instead of herself, she would never have attacked and removed one of them.

Bayard Taylor was a farmer's boy, living near Philadelphia, with small opportunities and little money. He wanted to become a poet and traveller; but money, time, and study would be required. Nevertheless, believing in the power of self-help, he

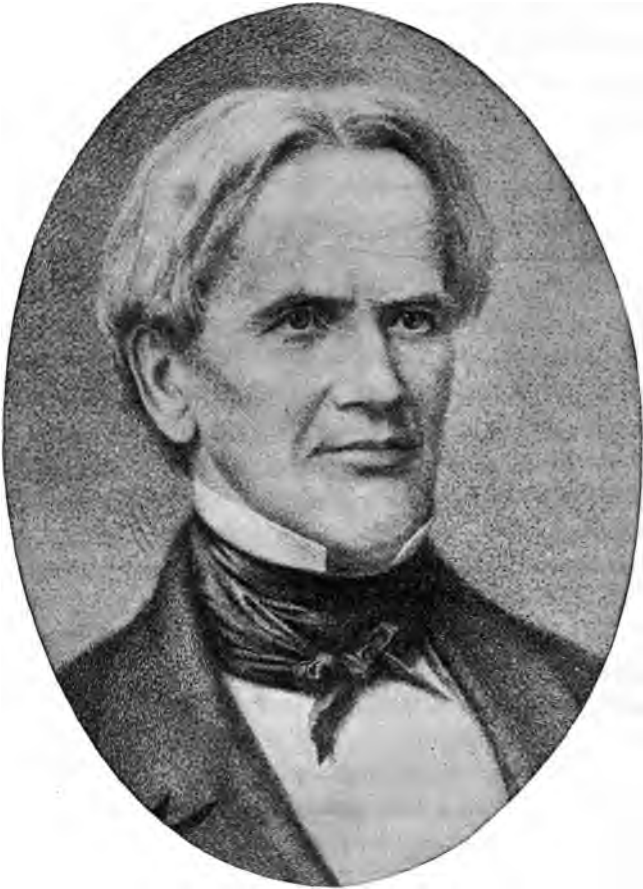
struck out to accomplish his object. He advanced rapidly in self-culture; and when he proposed to visit Europe, his mother said, "Where will you get money for the trip?" Bayard answered, "I cannot say now, but I am certain that it will come." It did come, by his own self-reliant labors. He became not only an author, poet, and editor of great fame, but also a distinguished statesman and diplomat. He was our nation's minister to Berlin at the time of his death.

Matthews says, "Help from within always strengthens, but help from without invariably enfeebles its recipient."

At fifteen years of age, the late Horace Mann was at work on a farm, and his father and mother were battling with poverty. He wanted an education, but how could he obtain it? He had no money and no friends to furnish it.

"If I get an education, I must depend upon myself," he said. His mother endorsed what he said, too. He turned the matter over and over in his own mind, and looked at it upon all sides. "How much money will it take?" "How can I earn it?" Such questions as these he asked and answered. Then he went forth to victory.

He studied and worked, and worked and studied, never interspersing the experience with play, for that was out of the question with one who must work his own way to success. Sometimes the road seemed long and lonely, but then he would stir his whole being again by the thought, "No one to de-



HORACE MANN.

pend upon but myself." And away he would go, outstripping his schoolmates in his race for the goal. A teacher, who was a witness to his struggles and

triumphs, predicted that he would become a great man, and he did. No man is really greater than he who devised the Common School System of Massachusetts, which is substantially that of the United States.

XVIII.

GOOD COMPANIONS.

COMPANIONS are inevitable ; and they are desirable, too. Life would become a burden without them. A boy or girl without companions would be a novel spectacle. They come to each one, whether chosen or not. Sometimes they are actually thrust upon young people, and older ones, too.

In these circumstances, there is but one thing to do — choose good companions. These are even better than good books ; they improve and elevate. Even the memory of them is precious. General Nicholson was mortally wounded at Delhi, and he dictated his last message to his best friend, Sir Herbert Edwards, thus : “ Tell him that I should have been a better man if I had continued to live with him, and our heavy public duties had not prevented my seeing more of him privately. I was always the better for a residence with him and his wife, however short. Give my love to them both.”

Henry Martyn, the missionary, was a frail, peevish, ill-tempered boy. His father sent him to the Truro Grammar School, where he would have been led astray or disheartened but for his intimate companionship with one of the oldest pupils. He could

not endure teasing ; and so a class of boys teased him. He was quick tempered ; and so they provoked him to wrath. He lamented being small of stature ; and so they made fun of his size, to his very great annoyance.

But one of the oldest students, a noble-hearted fellow, took his part, and championed his cause on every occasion. He saw that Henry was really a fine boy, and believed that he could influence him to become amiable, lovable, and aspiring. They became close companions, so much so as to attract attention. Henry was rather a dull scholar ; but, through the uplifting example of his intimate friend, his scholarship was elevated, and his self-control became manifest. His peevishness and high temper disappeared, and there was not a more agreeable and promising boy in the school.

Subsequently, Henry entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he found his old companion of the Truro Grammar School, who had entered the college two years before. Their intimacy was renewed, to the great advantage of Henry, who looked up to the young man with entire confidence. He assisted Henry in his studies, guarded him against evil companions, of whom there were not a few among the students, and influenced him to begin a Christian life. In this college, Henry Martyn ranked among the best scholars, and here he resolved to become a missionary.

He always said that a good companion saved him from ruin and inspired him to a nobler life. Had he allowed his temper and the other worst elements of

his being to dominate his life, he would have been lost to honor and usefulness, and the missionary enterprise would have never known so great a Christian hero.

The Spanish have a proverb that teaches the terrible influence of *bad* associates: "Live with wolves and you will learn to howl." Like produces like. Evil habits produce evil habits. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." The only way to preserve good manners is to associate with good manners. Corrupt ways have no tendency to yield correct habits. Sow virtue, and the harvest will be virtue. Sow vice, and the harvest will be vice. Good companions help us to sow virtue; evil companions help us to sow vice. Nothing in the world is surer than this.

We have a maxim, "A man is known by the company he keeps," and it is just as true of boys and girls as of men and women; they are known by the company they keep. Profane, rowdyish, rough boys make their boon companions like themselves. Girls become like their slangy, vain, rude, unladylike associates.

The celebrated teacher, Dr. Arnold, was wont to make leaders of his best and brightest boys, by impressing upon them the elevating influence of good companionship. In this way a few of his most reliable pupils gave character to the whole school. It was a part of their curriculum to conduct so as to influence all to do well. By being good companions, they made the school a model.

Here are three proverbs worthy of being committed to memory. "Better alone than in bad company." "Tell me with whom thou goest, and I will tell thee what thou doest." "Tell me what company thou keepest, and I will tell thee what thou art."

XIX.

PLACE FOR LITTLE THINGS.

"**NOTHING** is small that affects human character and destiny." Every one should accept this statement of a prominent writer as true, and yet many people do not. Youths are apt to wait for great things, something out of the ordinary course of events. They forget that great things are the aggregate of littles, so that he who would possess the former must strive for the latter. "He that despiseth little things shall perish little by little."

A New York merchant advertised for a boy. The first applicant for the place was a youth of fifteen years. As gentlemanly and intelligently as he could, he made known his errand, standing with his hat in hand.

"Yes," answered the merchant, "I am in need of a good, smart, faithful boy, but I observe a cigar in your hat, and you will not answer my purpose. By experience and observation I have learned that boys of your age who smoke have some other objectionable habit, and do not prove reliable."

"A very small thing to judge a boy by," many people would say; but the merchant had learned the

drift of such little things. A straw shows the direction of the wind better than a navy. So character is usually judged of by little things. A man is over-anxious for the half cent that is his due; and we infer that he is penurious. Another is rude in the presence of ladies, and we say that he is ill-bred. A third spells a common word erroneously in a letter, and we conclude that his education is defective. Still another puts the best apples on top of the barrel, and we say that he is dishonest, that if he will cheat for a little profit, what may he not do for large profits, if tempted! In this way men are justly criticised and condemned.

On the other hand, the opposite of these qualities is put down to the credit of the possessors. Little things show good character as they do bad character. He that is just and honorable in that which is least will generally be so in that which is much. It is a scriptural, and, therefore, a proper rule by which to judge.

Two workmen were going home at the close of a day's labor. "Say, Fred, will you tell me how it is that you get along so much better than I do, with more children to support, and no more wages?" one inquired of the other.

"Why, yes, I will tell you, of course. *It consists in taking care of the pennies.*"

"What! Is that all?" responded Ransom.

"Yes, that is all, and not one in fifty knows the secret. For instance, *you don't.*"

"How is that? I don't? How do you make that out."

"Well, I will tell you, and you must not be offended if I speak plain. First, I pay nothing for my drink."

"Nothing! Then you sponge your neighbors."

"Never! For I drink water, which costs nothing. Of course I get no sore heads and shaky hands, and I save my pennies. Drinking water neither makes a man sick nor in debt, nor his wife a widow. And that makes a great difference in our outgo. It may amount to thirty or forty dollars a year, and that will clothe myself and children, while you are out at the elbows and your children go barefoot."

All this difference from taking care of the smallest coins that circulate — "the pennies." He who wastes the pennies, because they stand for so little, will always lack the dollar.

It is a significant fact that our Saviour used little things to enforce the most important truths of his kingdom. He made the seed scattered by the sower, the blade of grass, the flower, the loss of a piece of money, the net, the wind, the rain, the dew, borrowing, lending, buying, selling, and giving his best and most inspiring lessons to man.

If boys and girls would give strict attention to the little things of life, they would become models of conduct and character, and, twenty years hence, be the leading, most honored and useful men and women of their time. For these little things include taking care of pennies, being kind and obedient at home, improving spare moments by reading and study, cultivating good manners, being neat and tidy,

respectful to elders, industrious, truthful and upright, pure in speech, high-minded, and always determined to be somebody.

These are accounted little things by most people; but together they form character that is current in earth and in heaven. Edwards says, "Intellect, feeling, habit, character, all become what they are through the influence of little things. And in morals and religion it is by little things, — by little influences acting on us, or seemingly little decisions made by us, — that we become what we are."

XX.

USEFUL LABOR NOBLE.

It is never humiliating to do useful things, provided they are done well. Whatever is necessary is proper, and proper things may be done cheerfully. We may well hesitate about performing even doubtful acts, but proper ones never. It is always right, and therefore safe, to follow this rule.

But young people, as well as many older ones, think otherwise. They regard certain useful occupations as degrading. The store is higher up in their view than the farm and shop. To be a merchant is more creditable than to be a carpenter or mason. To drive a span for pleasure is more honorable than to drive a team for the manufacturer. There is more honor in ruling than in serving. The boy has great respect for the rich man, and pities the poor man. The girl covets the fashion and show of parlor and

drawing-room, but abhors the kitchen. It is humiliating to make bread, wash dishes, and wait on the table.

Such views are entirely false, and they lead to discontentment and unhappiness. Other things being equal, the farmer ranks as high as the merchant or minister. The carpenter and mason are as reputable as the author or artist. The humblest citizen has as high claim to respect as senator or governor. The poor toiler is as really a man as the millionaire. It is as creditable to make bread as it is to make shoes or books. Indeed, a good bread-maker serves society better than a poor governor. The more we have of the former, and the less of the latter, the better.

Alexander wore an imperial suit that was made in part by his wife, and wholly under her direction, and he delighted to refer to it as her handiwork. Long after the death of the wife of Tarquin, her spinning implements and a robe of her manufacture were hung up in the Temple of Fortune, as a memorial of her domestic virtues. Madam Roland prepared her husband's meals with her own hands by day, and at night entertained the most literary company of France by her brilliant powers.

A prodigy of a girl was once introduced to James I. "I can assure your majesty," said the person introducing her, "that she can both speak and write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew." The king answered, "These are rare attainments for a damsel, but pray tell me, can she spin?" He could scarcely admit her claim to pre-eminence in literary life without an

acquaintance with common labor. The mother of Washington, "the father of his country," was perfectly familiar with housework, and, in 1784, Lafayette found her in the garden caring for the vegetables and flowers, when he paid her a farewell visit before leaving for Europe. History records, as a fine compliment to Martha Washington, wife of the general, "she was a good seamstress, a good cook, and a good mother."

Our country honors the memory of Garfield, once President of the United States. When he was a member of Congress, his accomplished wife, who remained at Mentor to attend to home duties, wrote to him as follows: —

"I am glad to tell that out of all the toil and disappointments of the summer just ended I have risen up to a victory; that silence of thought, since you have been away, has won for my spirit a triumph. I read something like this the other day: 'There is no healthy thought without labor, and thought makes the labor happy.' Perhaps this is the way I have been able to climb up higher. It came to me one morning when I was making bread. I said to myself, 'Here I am compelled by an invincible necessity to make our bread this summer. Why not consider it a pleasant occupation and make it so by trying to see what perfect bread I can make?' It seemed like an inspiration, and the whole of life seemed brighter.

"The very sunshine seemed flowing down through my spirit into the white loaves, and now I believe my table is furnished with better bread than ever be-

fore, and this truth, old as creation, seems just now to have become fully mine,—that I need not be the shrinking slave of toil, but its regular master, making whatever I do yield me its best fruits. You have been king of your work so long that maybe you will laugh at me for having lived so long without my crown, but I am too glad to have found it at all to be entirely disconcerted even by your merriment. Now, I wonder, if right here does not lie the ‘terrible wrong,’ or at least some of it, of which the woman suffragists complain. The wrongly educated woman thinks her duties a disgrace and frets under them, or shirks them if she can. She sees man triumphantly pursuing his vocation, and thinks it is the kind of work he does which makes him grand and regnant, whereas it is not the kind of work at all, but the way in which and the spirit with which he does it.”

Never forget that all useful labor is noble, however common or humble it may be. Even that of the “village smithy” is worthy, because it is necessary. Longfellow has presented “The Village Blacksmith” at his anvil in such glowing colors, as he faithfully and cheerily does his part for the public welfare, that the reader almost envies him his lot. There is character and value in his labor. His life-work is noble.

XXI.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands ;

The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands.
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long ;
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat ;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly,
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among the boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach ;
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing, —
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees its close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou has taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought !

XXII.

FOLLOWING THE NATURAL BENT.

WHEN a youth has a special talent for mechanical, mercantile, or other business, and selects that for which he is best adapted by nature for an occupation, he is said "to follow his natural bent." He has found out where his talent lies, which is a prominent factor in success. The late Vice-President Wilson was a cobbler at twenty-one years of age. He was a great reader and thirsted for knowledge. But he

never dreamed that he had a talent for debate until he found it out in the village lyceum of Natick, Massachusetts. He became one of the ablest debaters in Congress. When he left the boot-shop for public life he followed his bent.

A youth of twelve years once said to Mozart, "I should like to compose something ; how shall I begin ? "

"Pooh, pooh," replied the great composer, "you must wait."

"But you began when you were younger than I am," responded the youth.

"Yes, so I did, but I never asked anything about it. When one has the spirit of a composer, he writes because he can't help it." Mozart was a born composer ; he followed his natural bent and succeeded.

Said a young man of thirty-five to the author, "I worked three years in a cabinet-maker's shop, and then exchanged the trade for the dry goods business. All the while I was dissatisfied and felt that I had little aptitude for either pursuit. Then circumstances favored the study of electricity and I entered upon this new pursuit. From the first day I have loved it, and have made it a success." His rapid advancement in the science and enthusiastic interest in its practical application show that he has found his place.

The late A. T. Stewart, the great merchant of New York City, was preparing for the priesthood in the old world. But he heard a glowing description of the schoolmaster's profession in the United States, and

this led him to come to this country to engage in teaching. Soon after, he loaned a young friend seventy-eight dollars to assist him in setting up the dry goods business in a small way in New York. After awhile, this friend informed him that he should fail, and the only way for Stewart to get back the seventy-eight dollars loaned was to take the shop and go into the business.

Stewart relinquished teaching and became a New York merchant. Very soon he found that he had a talent for traffic, and he always said that it was through the seventy-eight dollars loaned that he discovered where his real talent lay. He became one of the largest, most successful, and richest merchants in this country.

It must not be inferred that the most successful men and women never blunder or make a failure. The facts just cited prove otherwise. Failure is a great teacher to the wise. The best mechanics, inventors, scientists, and professional men have blundered, and grew wiser in consequence. Just here their wisdom and tact served them well.

We do not say that it is equally easy for all young people to choose an occupation. It is not plain in many cases just where the talent lies. Parents may not be able to tell in just which occupation a son or daughter may succeed. The son or daughter may not be able to decide. In this case, common sense must dictate. But whenever the "natural bent" is clearly ascertained, it should be followed.

Dea. Daniel Safford, of Boston, was a leading man

in the city at the time of his death. He worked on his father's farm until he was sixteen years of age. But he was dissatisfied with that pursuit, and was attracted to the blacksmith's trade. His uncle in Salem was a blacksmith, and Daniel often told him that he would like to follow that business. The result was that he was apprenticed to his uncle until he became twenty-one, for board and clothes. Both parents and uncle thought that he was specially adapted to that occupation, and they were right.

Daniel proved an apt student at the forge, and, in three years, his kind uncle suggested that he go into business for himself, and offered to give him his time, if Daniel would relinquish all claim to the "freedom suit" due at twenty-one. The arrangement was made, and soon Daniel opened a blacksmith's shop in Boston. His business was conducted in a very economical and humble way. He worked from daylight to sundown in summer, and till nine o'clock in the evening in winter. All the iron he bought he conveyed on his back to the shop. But he knew his business thoroughly, proving that he had chosen an occupation for which he had a decided aptitude.

In a few years he employed fifty men, and was worth ten thousand dollars. At forty years of age, he was worth forty-five thousand dollars, and then resolved to give in charity all future income, minus family expenses. He died at sixty, leaving the forty-five thousand dollars to his family. He had given away nearly one hundred thousand dollars.

Benjamin Franklin tried candle-making with his father and the cutlery business with a Boston manufacturer ; but he had neither taste nor tact for either. He finally selected the trade of printer, and subse-



quent events proved that he found his place. From Boston he went to Philadelphia, serving others a short time, then setting up business for himself. His trade brought him into close contact with thinkers and their works, and thus nurtured his thirst for knowledge.

Gradually young Franklin developed into a scholar and influential public man. Step by step, he advanced in practical science, especially in electricity, proving the identity of lightning and the electric fluid by sending up a kite when a thunder storm was raging. He became a world-renowned philosopher, patriot, and statesman, and, the last years of his long life, represented the United States at the Court of France. All because he dropped "into the niche he was ordained to fill."

XXIII.

THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD.

POPE wrote, "An honest man's the noblest work of God." He meant the highest type of an honest man, and not what may pass for one with a class of people. An honest man in the sight of God was what he meant. Such honesty, perhaps, is rare, but it is noble.

One of Æsop's renowned fables, relating to this subject, runs as follows : —

"A chopper was felling a tree on a river's bank, when, accidentally, his axe slipped into the water and sank to the bottom. While bitterly bewailing the

loss of his only axe, Mercury came to him and took compassion on him, and dived to the bottom of the river and brought up a *golden axe*, and asked if that were his. The chopper denied it, and Mercury dived a second time and brought up a *silver axe*, and asked him if *that* were his. Again he denied it, and Mercury dived once more, and brought up the lost axe. 'That's mine,' the chopper delightedly cried. But Mercury was so pleased with the man's truth and honesty that he presented him with the *gold* and *silver* axes as a reward for integrity.

"The companions of the chopper, hearing from him a recital of the wonderful occurrence, one of them, in his avariciousness, determined to try his luck in the same way. So he secretly went to the same river-bank, and began to chop a tree, and let his axe fall into the river, and then sat down and began to weep over his loss. Mercury quickly appeared, and, taking compassion on him, dived down and brought up a *golden axe*, and asked if *that* was what he lost. 'Yes, that is mine,' the man eagerly exclaimed in rapture; but Mercury — to punish him for his impudence and falsehood — refused to give it to him, and told him if he got back his own old axe, he must dive for it himself, and immediately disappeared."

This fable illustrates the difference between strict honesty and a form of dishonesty which many people do not consider very objectionable. Small departures from right destroy a person's claim to honesty before God as really as grave offences. To steal a pin is stealing as really as to take a dollar; and yet

many will call the pilfering of a pin by some other name that is more agreeable. Much that passes for honesty in the world is not honesty. Pack any amount of it into a man, and still he is dishonest. To be "the noblest work of God," human character must be without "spot or blemish or any such thing."

Many years ago there was a boy in an English warehouse by the name of Adam Clarke. He was wholly reliable, and both employer and customer thought he was worth his weight in gold. One day his employer found a piece of cloth a little short of the necessary number of yards.

"Well, it is only a trifle," he said to Adam; "we can stretch it enough to make out the yard."

"Stretch it enough! how is that?" responded Adam.

"Well, you take one end of it, and I will take the other, and pull," the employer answered.

"And stretch your conscience at the same time," retorted Adam; "that I can never do."

The merchant exhausted his persuasion upon the boy, but to no purpose. Adam stood upon his conscience, and declared that he would never stretch it by stretching cloth. He was a strictly honest boy, and he made an honest man. He became the renowned commentator — Dr. Adam Clarke.

Boys and girls like him are the hope of the present and future. When they become men and women, they will be like the mason to whom Hugh Miller was apprenticed — "he put his conscience into every stone he laid." Their consciences will weigh and

measure every act and project. Dickens makes Mr. Witherden say, "The mountainous Alps on the one hand, or a humming-bird on the other, is nothing in point of workmanship to an honest man — or woman."

It is the other class who put the best apples on top of the barrel, increase the quantity of milk at the pump, scrimp the weight of butter or beef, slight work on the house or in the shop, sand the sugar and shoddy the cloth, shorten the yard-stick and call cotton wool, misrepresent the quality of goods, take advantage of another's ignorance, evade an equitable tax, rent buildings for immoral purposes, shorten days' works at both ends, and wink at customs that lure the young into vice. How unmanly and degrading are such practices!

Perhaps a youth will say, "Men of standing do so." Or, "it is no worse than others do." "If I don't do it, others will." "It is regarded as fair and right in business." Nevertheless, such practices are dishonest. No matter how well the authors of such deeds stand in the community, they are dishonest, and no mantle of charity ought to cover their sins.

Suppose a merchant should advertise for a youth who will stretch cloth, misrepresent goods, use a "false balance," and sand sugar; would not the public be startled? Why? Simply because these things are so dishonest as to be mean and contemptible. And the youth who would respond to such an advertisement would be regarded as a sure candidate for the penitentiary.

Honesty, that old-fashioned, solid virtue, which is

true to God and man, will never lose its beauty and worth. It is good for two worlds — this one and the next. It is suited to every place and work. There can be no law against it; the more of it the better. No one can have too much of it; many have too little of it. There is no such thing as untarnished character without it.

“ One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels
Than Cæsar with the senate at his heels.”*

XXIV.

BEHIND TIME.

MEN and women who are always behind time never overtake success. The latter does not wait for laggards to catch up. One of its conditions is, “ Be on the nick of time.” Disregard the condition, and failure is inevitable. Hence the importance of this factor in the life of young people.

In school, tardiness is considered a decided detriment, not only to the tardy pupil, but to the school itself. It is an interruption to the whole school for a pupil to put in his appearance after all others have entered upon their day's work. For this reason school committees and teachers feel in duty bound to abolish tardiness. They require pupils to be prompt in their attendance, and put a black mark against the names of tardy scholars. It is a matter of vital

* Pope.

importance, so all educators think. If boys and girls form the habit of being behind time in their school-days, the bad habit will stick to them as long as they live. If they are always on time, the good habit will serve them to the end.

The youth who resolves never to be tardy at school, and keeps the resolution, will not be tardy elsewhere. He will be prompt in his work at home, doing errands, meeting engagements, attending meetings, keeping promises, and obeying orders in general. A merchant, taking out his watch, exclaimed, "It is James' time to be here, and something serious must have overtaken him; for he is never a moment behind." Just then a messenger arrived and announced that James was sick. The merchant could regulate his watch by the promptness of James, and he knew that something unusual had happened when he was a minute behind.

"You have caused us to lose an hour," said one man to another, whose tardiness had kept twelve men waiting.

"Oh, that is impossible," replied the late-comer; "for it is only five minutes after the time."

"Very true," responded the other; "but here are twelve of us, each one of whom has lost five minutes."

John Quincy Adams, once President of the United States, always took his seat right on the time when he was a member of the national House of Representatives. The speaker said that when Mr. Adams took his seat, he knew it was time to call the house

to order. His chronometer was not more exact than he was in meeting all engagements. No one ever lost any time waiting for him.

Peter C. Brooks was one of Boston's most honored and richest merchants in his day. Few men had more private business than he, and few had so many public calls. In addition to this, he had a great thirst for knowledge, and planned to get some time each day to read and study. Edward Everett said of him, "No person, not professedly a student, knew more of the standard or sound current literature of our language." And, yet, Mr. Brooks was never known to be tardy in meeting an engagement, private or public. At one time he was to preside at a public meeting. As the time drew near, some one expressed anxiety about his being on time. Another replied, "Mr. Brooks will be here on time if he is alive"; and he was there just as the clock struck the hour.

The value of such a quality is beyond estimate. It is something to be relied upon. He who possesses it must have other qualities equally valuable. It does not dwell alone in the heart. It keeps good company, and has a plenty of it. All those virtues that are indispensable to success are its companions.

Joseph Baxendale said of this quality, "It gives weight to character. 'Such a man has made an appointment; then I know he will keep it.' And this generates punctuality in you; for, like other virtues, it propagates itself. Servants and children must be punctual, when their leader is so. Appoint-

ments, indeed, become debts. I owe you punctuality if I have made an appointment with you, and have no right to throw away your time, if I do my own."

XXV.

THE DEVIL'S WORKSHOP.

"THE idle brain is the devil's workshop," is an ancient maxim as true as it is old. If the brain is not occupied with good thoughts and plans, the devil is tempted to fill it with evil ones. He will supply tools gladly, workbench and all, and oversee the business, also. "The devil tempts all other men, but idle men tempt the devil." They belong to his ilk, and he knows it full as well as they do. Hence, he is on the alert for their company.

Idleness has poor associates,—inertness, shiftlessness, laziness, inefficiency, sloth, and all their relations. There is not a decent character among the lot. All are mere hangers-on, without the least claim to respectability, almost sure to bring up in the prison or poor-house. There is not enough life or ambition in the whole crowd to save one of them from contempt. All of them together made the laziest man ever found in New Hampshire. He chopped off one of his fingers, and afterwards attempted to cut off one of his arms, in order to escape the daily labor required of him at the turning-lathe. When that man got into prison, he went to his own place as surely as Judas did when he committed suicide.

Sir Bulwer Lytton once wrote, "There lives not a man on earth, out of a lunatic asylum, who has not in him the power to do good. What can writers, haranguers, or speculators do more than that? Have you ever entered a cottage, travelled in a coach, ever talked with a peasant in the field, or loitered with a mechanic at the loom, and not found that each of those men had a talent you had not, knew some things you knew not. The most useless creature that ever yawned at a club or counted the vermin on his rags under the suns of Calabria has no excuse for want of intellect. What men want is, not talent,—it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor." They want industry instead of idleness.

Here lies the sin of idleness: it is wholly unnecessary. It is adopted and followed, against brains, self-interest, and common sense. It takes the "snap" out of a man, when it might be kept in as well as not. It leads him to lounge about as if soul and body could scarcely hang together, when he might just as well be up and dressed, like a brave soldier on parade. Indeed, it would be far easier for him to act the soldier than the drone and simpleton that he is; in other words, it is not half the trouble for him to be a *man* that it is to be a mere apology for one.

Neither boy nor girl should have any patience with idleness; for it is wholly out of place in a world like this. In the schoolroom it is the most detestable interloper of all. It tends naturally to a school of reformation; for our State Reform School re-

ported once, "five sixths of the boys had no steady employment; they lived in idleness." They did not drift towards the nearest public school, but towards the Reform School that was much farther away. Pupils should imagine this motto inscribed over the door of their schoolroom, IDLENESS CANNOT ENTER HERE.

The kindest men decline to assist the lazy and shiftless class. It does no good to assist them. It is putting money into a bag with holes. Help to the idle helps idleness. Help to the lazy helps laziness. The lazy are lazier after they have received assistance than they were before. It is a premium on laziness. Experience proves that tramps increase by generous assistance. The generous housewife who furnishes a square meal to one of the tramp fraternity will have a dozen of them at her house within a week. Idleness sniffs charity from afar. It has a prodigious memory, and never forgets where the best meals and beds are.

A very efficient commander of a vessel, who dreaded the evil influence of idleness on his men, was wont to shout to the little groups that would occasionally assemble on deck in unemployed moments, "*Boys, scour the anchor!*" It was not very important to scour the anchor; but it was a good way to prevent "evil communications," that "corrupt good manners," and to absorb those leisure moments that otherwise might run to something worse than waste. It was better for his crew to fill up every moment with work, though some of it was

of little value, than to have idle hours in which the seeds of insubordination and vice might be sown. And so it is better for all other classes to scour the anchor than to do nothing at all. We can find anchors to scour almost anywhere, disagreeable, dirty work of necessity to be done, as a part of the discipline incident to life's great purpose.

Someone has said, "To do nothing is to do worse than nothing." That is, the idle youth cannot stop there; he will do something worse if he keeps on. He is on the down grade, where human nature goes itself, like the boy's whistle. It needs neither coaxing nor spurring, not even steam. Nothing but such breaks as God Himself provides can ever stop him when once under way. May heaven interpose to save the idle girl or boy!

There was a poor but bright boy in England whose father was an invalid. His Christian name was Douglas. He loved books and school, but was obliged to go into a printing-office in his boyhood, in order to earn something for the family. He had no leisure time; every moment was occupied, and his busy brain grew stronger and stronger by use. He did not even know that the word idleness was in the dictionary.

This boy became a great man, and his biographer tells the following of him, when he brought his first earnings to his needy parents. "The young printer brought home, joyfully enough, his first earnings. Very dreary was his home, with his poor, weak father sitting in the chimney corner; but there was a fire

in the boy that would light up that home; at any rate, they would be cheerful for one day. The apprentice, with the first solid fruits of industry in his pocket, sallied forth to buy the dinner. The ingredients of a beefsteak pie were quickly got together, and the purchaser returned to be rewarded by the proud look of his father!" No millionaire can extract from his vast treasures the real enjoyment that Douglas Jerrold did from the price of a dinner that his own industry earned.

When Jerrold died, in 1857, only fifty-four years of age, he was ranked with the most brilliant men of letters in the British realm. Had he been an idler, he would have lived and died in poverty and obscurity.

XXVI.

AIM HIGH.

It is much better to aim high and not hit the mark than to aim low and hit it. The effort that supplements the purpose is uplifting. There is always good in striving for the best. The mechanic who plans and labors to be the best mechanic becomes more of a man intellectually and morally. The farmer who taxes his powers, physical and mental, to make the best agriculturist in his county attains to a higher type of manhood. And the pupil who means to excel as far as possible in his scholarship is found in the front rank. The high aim excludes dolts and drones from every pursuit.

George Stephenson was as poor a boy as was found

about the coal mines of England. His father run an engine, and he was a good man, temperate, industrious, and true. His son, George, was a bright, enterprising little fellow, with about as much steam in him as there was in the engine which his father tended. But there was no school for him, and only food and clothes enough to keep soul and body together. If all his value had been in his clothes, he would have been too poor for description. But there were true riches under his jacket.

At nine years of age he went to live with a farmer, to take care of his herd when grazing, at *twopence* a day,—less than some boys now pay each day for candy. But he did his work well, and was rapidly promoted from one kind of work on the farm to another. He was very ingenious. He made water-wheels and windmills. After a little while he made a small engine, and he told his employer that some day he meant to own the best engine that was ever made, and run it.

At fourteen he became his father's assistant in running an engine in a coal mine; and this proved just the place for him. He soon learned all about the engine, and could take it to pieces and put it together again. But he could neither read nor write. When he was eighteen, however, an evening school for colliers' children was opened, and George was delighted to attend. In two years he could read, write, and cipher the best of any boy in school. He was satisfied with no standing except at the head. He must be best, if anything.

Step by step, he rose higher and higher, until, in 1814, he built the best locomotive of that day and ran it on the Killingworth railway. "Better and better" was his motto, and in 1829 he received a prize for an engine that could run twenty-nine miles an hour, which was almost incredible rapidity for that day. He named it "The Rocket," because it shot over the track so fast.

In forty years from the time George watched the cattle at *twopence* a day, he was known all over Europe and America as the author of the great English Railway System — George Stephenson, Esq., a public benefactor.

It was not money that did it, for he had none. A distinguished father did not help him into fame, for his father was only a collier. Nor was it mere *luck* that pushed him onward and upward, for *luck* never helps anybody. A high aim did it.

Mr. Longfellow once said that the best poem he ever wrote was "Excelsior." This remark rather surprised his friends, who could name several others which they considered best. But Longfellow took into view the spirit of the boy who would climb to Alpine heights in face of death itself. He was not thinking of the poetic excellence of the poem alone, but of the aspiring purpose of the youth who bore a banner, inscribed with the motto, "Excelsior," up the perilous height.

XXVII.

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
Above the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior !

“ Try not the Pass ! ” the old man said ;
“ Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide ! ”
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior !

“ Oh, stay, ” the maiden said, “ and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast ! ”
A tear stood in the bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior !

“Beware the pine tree’s withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!”
This was the peasant’s last good-night.
A voice replied far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and fair,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

XXVIII.

STICKING TO BUSINESS.

ONE of England’s greatest statesmen said, “The mastery of any subject is attained only by continued application.” Giving close attention to one’s pursuit now and then and allowing the mind to wander and scatter at times could never secure the mastery of anything. This was what Disraeli meant when he

made the remark just quoted ; and he spoke from experience.

Disraeli was regarded as a failure by many in his early life, at least, on the line which he chose for action. He aspired to be both scholar and orator on entering public life, and he succeeded better in literary work than in his oratorical efforts. At first, he was a total failure as a public speaker. But he felt sure that he could overcome every obstacle, and devoted himself with invincible purpose to the trial. Some of his friends thought he was foolish and even cranky — that he never could make an orator by his best endeavor. But he stuck to his purpose, and finally accomplished it. He became one of the ripest scholars and most eloquent public speakers in Great Britain. It is not difficult to understand what he meant by “continued application.” Like Napoleon, he thought nothing was impossible. “Impossible !” exclaimed the elder Pitt, “I trample upon impossibilities.”

There never was a time when sticking to one’s business or purpose was so necessary as it is now. For there is far more competition now than ever before ; a vastly larger number of persons are after the same prize. Of course, success is harder to be won. Only those obtain who give their time, thought, strength, and will to the object sought, resolved to continue until it is grasped.

Henry Bessemer was the inventor of steel rails and of the method of making them so economically that railroad corporations could afford to use them. But he was a long time about it. The idea took

possession of his mind, and he could not shake it off. He believed that steel rails were possible, and that he could prove it to the world. For several years he



LUDWIG V. BEETHOVEN.

experimented, often disappointed, but never disheartened. He stuck to his work, and made something out of every failure. Sometimes discomfited, he struck out anew, believing that there was a process of steel-making, and that he could find it. And he did. After years of the closest application to accomplish his object, he was rewarded by success. His triumph made him a wealthy and famous man.

If it be only a lesson in grammar, or arithmetic, or a task at home, on the farm, or in the shop, the closest attention is required to assure the mastery. A listless way of studying and doing can never bring much to pass. The good scholar knows what "continuous application" means. The real achiever at anything understands that there must be no "letting up" until the end is reached. Often this power of continuous application accomplishes more than great talents unsupported by it. Disraeli claimed that it was application, instead of genius, that gave him success.

Columbus never would have discovered this Western continent but for this indispensable quality. He was persecuted, maligned, and even despised for his opinions about another world. But he stuck to his views and plans, defying opposition and braving all perils. The end was what he said it would be. The new world was found.

The old master of musical composition, Beethoven, pursued his studies with almost unexampled devotion. In his boyhood he commenced to write down his thoughts upon his favorite theme in a notebook. Wherever he went, the notebook and pencil were

carried. By the roadside, in the field, and even in the public assembly, he would stop suddenly to jot down a new idea that came to him unbidden. The habit thus formed in early life was stronger in age than youth. Book after book was filled with inspiring thoughts to help him forward, and laid aside for use. They contained valuable suggestions that would have been utterly lost but for this habit of securing them at the moment. He left more than fifty of these books at his death.

In his manhood his application was almost without limit. He often forgot his meals, or else chose to study rather than eat. He defied want and hunger. Whenever engaged upon a favorite theme, he would complete it even if he starved. He was known to live four days on a loaf of bread, because he would not turn aside from work in hand to earn a breakfast. He knew little or nothing about the use of money or the worth of common things, nor did he want to know. He was so wedded to his chosen pursuit that nothing could lure him from it. Hence his great fame in all ages and nations.

XXIX.

FILIAL LOVE.

WE never heard or read of a successful man or woman who was destitute of filial love. Somehow, there seems to be a connection between this noble virtue and true success. The Fifth Commandment implies this. "Honor thy father and thy mother ;

that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." This is filial love; there is no such thing as honoring father and mother without it. And it contains the idea of a successful career in the promise "that thy days may be long." It is, indeed, a command with promise; especially when we place in contrast with it, "Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or his mother; and all the people shall say amen." There is but one opinion of disobedient, ungrateful children. "All the people" condemn them.

Alexander was a heartless military hero, bent on conquest and thirsting for glory. But one redeeming quality is recorded of him, that he loved his mother, notwithstanding she was a woman of ungovernable temper. Antipater, Alexander's deputy in Europe, once wrote a letter to him, complaining of her conduct, to whom Alexander replied: "Knowest thou not that one tear of my mother's will blot out a thousand such letters?"

On the other hand, Napoleon sacrificed filial love to his unholy ambition. After ascending the throne, dazed by the splendors of royalty, he treated his mother very much as he did his other subjects. One day he met her in the garden of St. Cloud, as he was walking with his courtiers, and, instead of regarding her as a son, he extended his hand for her to kiss. She immediately presented her own hand, replying: "Not so, my son; it is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life." "All the people" array themselves on the side of the mother.

Generations have paid a grateful tribute of respect to the memory of the boy who stood upon the burning deck of a war-ship, in the battle of the Nile. A thousand voices cried to the faithful son to come away, and all the response they heard was his call, "*Father, shall I come?*" But his father, who was commander of the ship, was already wrapped in the flames, and the dear, loving son waited for his bidding until he himself was wrapped in a winding-sheet of fire. Poets have sung his praise and orators have eulogized his deed.

Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat, was the son of poor parents, and when he was only three years old his father died. At six he appeared to realize the lonely and dependent condition of his mother, whom he loved as he did his own life. He cast about for something to do that he might help her. He was a born artist, and, at that early age, could draw and paint with wonderful skill. By the improvement of his spare time, he was enabled to open a studio in Philadelphia at seventeen years of age, where he had all he could do at portrait painting. At twenty-one, he was able to purchase a home for himself and mother in Washington County, Pennsylvania. He lived for her; never so happy as when contributing to her comfort. His whole life was permeated by his filial love, ennobling and inspiring it. Even when the worthy woman passed away, the memory of her was an uplifting power because of his filial devotion.

John Quincy Adams once wrote, "It is due to

gratitude and nature that I should acknowledge and avow that such as I have been, whatever it was, such as I am, whatever it is, and such as I hope to be in all futurity, must be ascribed, under Providence, to the precepts and example of my mother."

Perhaps there is no more tender and affecting illustration of filial love than that which is recorded of Joseph in the Old Testament. He was a true son. His father loved him with all his heart, and Joseph loved his father with equal devotion. Through the treachery of his unnatural brothers, he became a slave in Egypt. After a very checkered and trying experience, however, he became governor of that country; and then it was that, through the pressure of famine, his brothers came to Egypt for corn. To their surprise, the governor whom they sought was no other than Joseph. The result was that the latter insisted upon their returning home to bring his aged father. Though occupying a throne and loaded with honors, his filial love had not abated. When the infirm old man was brought to him, Joseph forgot all the honors of royalty in his joy to look once more into the face of his father. He fell upon his neck and kissed him — a nobler son and ruler for the act!

God has given us the highest approval of filial love possible, in the life and death of His Son. Christ was a perfect example of this virtue. No blemish marred the beauty of His filial character. No scenes in His checkered, suffering life caused Him to neglect His duties as a son. Until He was thirty years of age, He was subject to His parents,—

a dutiful son of the family, never weary of toiling for their good, never reluctant to obey parental counsels. The last filial act of His life was on the cross, when He committed the care of His mother to a beloved disciple.

XXX.

SLANG AMONG GIRLS.

SLANG does not become girls. It is bad enough in boys, but far more revolting among girls. And yet, we have the testimony of the principal of a high school that girls of otherwise refined demeanor inadvertently fall into the use of such language. He even claimed, what we could scarcely accept, that slang phrases are well-nigh as common among school-girls as school-boys. He designated some of the phrases as follows: "You bet," "No, you don't," "That's a pretty how d' ye do," "Did you ever?" "You don't come it," "Bosh," "Well, I never," "All in your eye," and so on. There is a long list of such words and phrases that should be remanded to the saloon, instead of tolerating them in the school or home. They appear far more objectionable when employed by females than they do when employed by males, for a refined delicacy is expected of the former class, which is not expected of the latter, though it should be. Really coarse expressions appear coarser when they fall from the lips of a girl.

Then, extravagant language usually keeps company with slang. A young lady said of a certain

young man, "What a splendid-looking fellow!" There is no doubt that some young men are more attractive to certain parties than the aurora borealis; but there is a better way of describing them. "Splendid" is a good word to apply to the Northern lights. "How did you enjoy the lecture last evening?" inquired one young lady of another. "Immensely," was her prompt reply. Her answer was much larger than the question, and indicated an enjoyment of very unusual proportions. "What a horrible voice that man has!" said a young woman of a preacher to whom she had just listened; and "horrid" hats and dresses, not to mention other things, are common with this class. That some preachers have unpleasant voices is true, and no one will deny that queer things appear under the name of hat and dress, but it is far more appropriate to apply the term "horrible" to the assassination of a President. Some girls never have anything but a "magnificent ride," "superb party," "grand picnic," and "immense" times generally, except when the "horrible" experiences occur.

Such girls, too, are likely to venture beyond slang and border on profanity. Instead of letting their "yea be yea, and nay, nay," and heeding the divine lesson, "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt," they employ strong expletives, omit the "grace," and season their conversation with pepper instead of salt. In this category must be put such words and phrases as "Gracious," "By gracious," "I vow," "My goodness," "My God,"

"My soul," "By jingo," and many more that approximate to profanity.

Dr. Peabody said, in an address at a female seminary, "There is a great deal of swearing among young ladies who would shudder at the very thought of being profane. The Jews, who were afraid to use the most sacred names in common speech, were accustomed to swear by the temple, by the altar, and by their own heads; and these oaths were rebuked and forbidden by divine authority.

"I know not why the rebuke and prohibition apply not with full force to the numerous oaths by goodness, faith, patience, and mercy, which we hear from lips that mean to be neither coarse nor irreverent in the schoolroom, street, and parlor; and a moment's reflection will convince any well-disposed person that in the exclamation, 'Lor!' the cutting off of a single letter from the consecrated word can hardly save one from the censure and the penalty written in the Third Commandment."

A slangy girl is not a success. No matter how handsome, bright, and talented she may be, as a girl she is a failure.

XXXI.

PROFANITY AMONG BOYS.

WE do not expect to hear downright profanity among girls, but it is quite too common among boys. The latter, also, are more given to slang than girls; and they can appropriate the counsel already given

to the latter class as specially necessary for themselves. But now we wish to deal with that inexcusable, rowdyish, and wicked habit of profanity that so many boys practise.

It is the most unreasonable and foolish thing that old or young ever do. They do not claim that they gain anything by it. It is practised without even a motive; and nothing could be more foolish than to act without a motive. The defrauder, thief, liar, forger, and robber have a motive for their base deeds; but the swearer does not pretend to have one. He is no happier for the act. He feels no better towards his fellow-men. It puts no money into his pocket. He is made no richer in any sense for it. It wins him neither office nor honor. It does not adorn his character. It is no mark of wisdom or wit. A fool can swear.

The thief believes that he will gain something by stealing. The gambler enjoys the game, outside of any prize. But the profane man does not pretend to enjoy swearing. He would be a singular creature if he did. He swears from habit, or when he gets angry, and for no other reason. Satan does not even have to offer him a bait; he bites the bare hook, so thoughtless and foolish is he.

Note some of the occasions of profanity. A boy becomes enraged with a companion, and he calls him bad names, and finally implores God to "damn" him, and send him to the worst place. Does he mean any such thing? Certainly not. If God should take him at his word, and strike down his

comrade, no one would be more startled and horror-stricken than he. In his anger he has indulged in a meaningless imprecation.

A youth is driving nails, and pounds his finger. His temper springs like a lion from its lair, and a volley of oaths is poured out upon the hammer. The vengeance of heaven is imprecated upon that piece of inanimate matter. Does he really expect that God will curse the hammer? Of course not. He knows that the hammer is blameless, and that, after all his wicked imprecations, the hammer will be the same hammer still. How little reason and sense in the act! No simpleton could do anything more absurd, insincere, and idiotic. Any boy with a thimbleful of brains can see the absolute folly of the act.

And this adds to the wickedness of profanity. Instead of being an excuse for it, this thoughtless, senseless, motiveless use of profane language makes it all the more wicked. The Third Commandment is, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." Profanity has the third place in the Decalogue, and is so wicked that a penalty is attached to the prohibition — "will not hold him guiltless"; no matter if it be a habit, so that the person swears before he thinks, that is no excuse. No matter if he swears thoughtlessly, or under the power of anger, the Lord "will not hold him guiltless."

The great Washington, when at the head of the

army in the American Revolution, issued the following order against profanity : —

“Many and frequent orders have been issued against the unmeaning and abominable custom of swearing, notwithstanding which, with much regret, the General observes that it prevails, if possible, more than ever. His feelings are continually wounded by the oaths and imprecations of the soldiers, whenever he is in hearing of them. The name of that Being from whose bountiful goodness we are permitted to exist and enjoy the comforts of life is incessantly imprecated and profaned in a manner as wanton as it is shocking. For the sake, therefore, of religion, decency, and order, the general hopes and trusts that officers of every rank will use their influence and authority to check a vice which is as unprincipled as it is wicked and shameful. If officers would make it an inviolable rule to reprimand, and, if that won't do, to punish soldiers for offences of this kind, it would not fail of having the desired effect.”

If Washington could not endure the low and wicked practice in the army, what shall we think of it among boys at school and in our streets! If so bad and repulsive among soldiers, how can a profane boy look parents and teacher in the face without a sense of guilt and shame?

Profane language is so rude and unmanly that even swearers cease to use it in the company of ladies and respected Christian men; and writers decline to record it in words, but make a dash where it comes in to suggest the vile phrase.

Thieves, robbers, drunkards, highwaymen, and all like criminals are profane, showing the connection between profanity and rascality. Not that all swearers are such criminals, for they are not; but all such criminals are swearers. It belongs to their profession, and ought to be confined there. In bar-rooms and kindred resorts it is at home — the vernacular of the low, unkempt patrons who revel there.

The profane boy is no more of a success than the slangy girl, and he never will be. He must have a true manhood, in his riper years, in order to be truly successful. But there is no approach to real manhood where profanity is practised.

XXXII.

RULING THE SPIRIT.

“HE that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.” It is more difficult for some people to govern themselves than to govern a kingdom. Besieging and capturing a city is not so great an achievement as it is to maintain absolute control of our own hearts. In the passage quoted, “*spirit*” means *heart*, or the “inner man.” Here the passions and appetites war against high aims and a noble standard, so that a writer says, “The heart is the greatest of battlefields.” He that ruleth it, so that peace and order reign there, is greater than a military conqueror.

Many persons fail of success because they do not

control their tempers. Others fail because of a bad habit. Others still, because they indulge a passion for some vice. Yet others, because they pet an evil propensity. They do not rule their spirits. They lack self-control. "The flesh warreth against the spirit," and they yield the victory to it. These facts show that control of one's self is of the highest importance in the work of life. Success is impossible without it.

Audubon, who is known the world over as one of the ablest ornithologists that ever lived, was a man who emphatically ruled his own spirit. He was of French origin, but settled in this country, on the banks of the Schuylkill, in Pennsylvania, in his youth, that he might pursue his favorite study of ornithology to better advantage. After travelling for years, and enduring privations that would have killed many men, he deposited his writings in a box, together with two or three hundred drawings of birds which he had made, and laid them away for safe keeping. What was his surprise on going to it a few months after to find that rats had made a nest in it and completely destroyed his work of years.

Did he fly into a passion? Did he yield to despair, and abandon his favorite pursuit? No. That he felt badly, and passed several sleepless nights, he admitted. But he was only gathering up the reins so as to have his spirit well in hand, and convert the disaster into a blessing. After several days of quiet thought, he saw but one course, and, without a murmur, he said: "I took up my gun, my note-

book, and my pencils, and went forward to the woods as gayly as if nothing had happened." It took him several years to repair the damage by hard self-sacrificing labor.

Sir Isaac Newton had a beautiful dog, named Diamond, that spent much time in his master's study. The philosopher had been at work upon scientific calculations for two years, and the results of his arduous labors lay upon his desk in a pile of papers. In his brief absence from the room one evening, Diamond upset the lamp and all the papers were consumed. Did the philosopher kick the dog out of the house? No. He took him up in his arms affectionately, and thus addressed him: "O Diamond, you cannot understand the extent of the mischief you have done." Then he went to work with all his heart, and in two years of close study repaired the damage. Such control of one's self is a great boon; its price is far above rubies.

Louisa M. Alcott, the authoress, of Concord, Mass., whose memory is yet green to us all, was wont to speak of this subject as "ruling my kingdom." She found it a difficult task, more especially in her girlhood. At thirteen years of age, she embalmed her thoughts upon the subject in a fine poem, to which she gave the title, "My Kingdom." We are able to furnish the poem, and ask the reader to consider the thoughtfulness and womanly character it breathes, though written at the age of thirteen.

XXXIII.

MY KINGDOM.

A LITTLE kingdom I possess
Where thoughts and feelings dwell,
And very hard the task I find
Of governing it well;
For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads,
And selfishness its shadows casts
On all my works and deeds.

How can I learn to use myself,
To be the child I should,
Honest and brave, and never tire
Of trying to be good?
How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart
To sweetly sing all day?

Dear Father, keep me with the love
That casteth out my fear;
Teach me to lean on Thee, and feel
That Thou art very near;
That no temptation is unseen,
No childish grief too small,
Since Thou, with patience infinite,
Doth soothe and comfort all.

I do not ask for any crown,
But that which all may win;

Nor try to conquer any world,
Except the one within.
Be Thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in myself,
And dare to take command.

XXXIV.

POSSIBILITIES OF GIRLS AND BOYS.

MANY youth accomplish little on arriving at manhood and womanhood, because they have no idea of their possibilities. From their childhood they have not even thought they could do anything remarkable. They appear to settle down in the belief that they must live on a lower plane than they really ought. This view suppresses enterprise and the spirit of emulation, so that an ordinary life is accepted as a matter of course. There is no effort to rise; not even a plan to excel on any line.

There was a bright girl in Watertown, Mass., about fifty years ago, whose future, some of the neighbors thought, would be under a cloud. She grew up like a boy, playing ball, rowing a boat, scouring the fields, and even fishing and hunting. She belonged to a consumptive family, and her father, who was a physician, encouraged this method to save her from an early grave. She was a good marksman, a better shot than most of the boys of her age; and she could climb to the top of the tallest tree as quickly as any member of the sterner sex.

Neighbors looked on amazed. Some of them said that a weakly daughter would be preferable to such a tomboy. All of them wondered that parents should be willing that their girl should grow up so rough, masculine, and unpromising. She was healthy and strong, but this was scarcely thought of by them, in their condemnation of such a boy-girl. Not one of them dreamed that in womanhood her fame as a sculptor would spread over two continents. But such became the fact. The girl was Harriet Hosmer, who became so renowned that the *London Art Journal* said of her, "The works of Miss Hosmer, Hiram Powers, and others we might name, have placed Americans on a level with the best modern sculptors of Europe."

The first school she attended, except the public schools of Watertown, was under the charge of Nathaniel Hawthorne's brother-in-law; and he wrote to her father, "I can do nothing with her," — and sent her home. No wonder that friends discovered no promise of future fame in the unmanageable girl!

She was then sent to Mrs. Sedgwick's school in Lenox, Mass. Mrs. Sedgwick understood better how to manage her; and she had the training of her three years. Subsequently she wrote, "She was the most difficult pupil to manage I ever had, but I think I never had one in whom I took so deep an interest, and whom I learned to love so well." But even she did not dream that she was teaching the greatest female sculptor of the future,

In his youth, Demosthenes foreshadowed no fame in the realm of oratory. Indeed, he had an impediment in his speech that seemed to debar him from



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success on that line. And yet he became the most distinguished orator of ancient days. The same was true of Curran, who was so much of a stammerer and so timid that success in public speaking seemed out of the question. But he is known in English history as the most impassioned and bewitching orator of his time. His early youth, at least, foreshadowed nothing of the kind.

Henry Clay was known as the "Mill Boy of the Slashes," because he was born in a swampy neighborhood of Virginia, and was wont to carry grain to the mill on the back of the old family horse. No one, not even his mother, supposed that he would ever be known beyond his native place. With little schooling, and much hard work on the farm, to help his widowed mother support the large family, he scarcely could have expected much change for the better. But when he was twenty-one years of age, Providence opened the door to a larger life, and he entered. From that time his advancement was phenomenal. He became one of the ablest statesmen and finest orators of the eighteenth century.

Some years ago, a young man, twenty years of age, went to New York City to make a fortune. Near friends tried to dissuade him from his purpose. His companions smiled at his folly. The fact was, most of his acquaintances regarded him as deficient in intellect. At his boarding-place mosquitoes were thick in hot weather; and a fellow-boarder, who regarded him as a simpleton, told him that burning a

pound of sulphur in his room would destroy them. He tried it, and drove all the boarders out of the house for the night. Yet this young man, in whom no friend saw the least sign of promise, became one of the noblest and richest men of that city and the pillar of one of its churches. He died a few years ago, honored by all who knew him.

Such facts show the need of recognizing the possibilities of youth. They may accomplish far more even than doting friends anticipate. By strong, vigorous effort, and an invincible spirit, they may become leaders of thought and benefactors of their race. We cannot single out a youth, or a group of them, and say, "You can never become great, or learned, or influential, or famous." The results may prove us to be false prophets. For resolute, thoughtful, sensible boys or girls, who keep their eyes open and their wits about them, may surprise all observers by their achievements. They go over the "Hill Difficulty" as Napoleon did the Alps.

"Gradatim," the fine poem of Dr. Holland, throws much light upon this subject. It deserves careful study.

XXXV.

GRADATIM.

HEAVEN is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true :
That a noble deed is a step toward God,—
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise to the things that are under feet ;
By what we have mastered of good and gain ;
By the pride deposed, and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men !
We may borrow the wings to find the way ;
We hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls ;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound ;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

XXXVI.

GOOD HABITS.

GOOD habits are essential to a true life, and they are acquired, not born. By being on time constantly we form the habit of punctuality. By speaking the truth at all times, day after day and year after year, truthfulness becomes a habit. Keeping things tidy, clean, and orderly for a time, we form the habit of neatness. In this way, by continued repetition, industry, honesty, courage, and the whole train of virtues grow into habits that have been called "second nature." It is easy to maintain habits once formed.

The same is true of bad habits. They are created by frequent repetition of bad acts. The boy who is startled when the first oath escapes his lips, by oft-repeated oaths becomes the profane swearer. The tardy scholar, by continuing to be late at school week after week, converts tardiness into a habit which it is difficult to reform. In like manner, idleness may become a habit, and the use of slang, giving way to temper, the use of tobacco and intoxicating drinks, and all the evil propensities of human nature. They are most to be dreaded when they grow into habits. "Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin, as it were, with a cart-ropes." The beginnings of sin are small "little sins"—like "cords of vanity"; but, if not broken, they become strong "like a cart-ropes," and defy correction.

It is plain that bad habits are inimical to success,

while good habits promote it. A writer says, "Habit increases our facility to work. It is the secret of skill in all realms of human endeavor. It gives rapidity to the fingers of the knitter, and confers the wonderful execution possessed by the master musician. . . . Statesman, artisan, editor, — all find their work easier as they repeat their efforts."

We have said that it is easier to form bad than good habits. Most boys are more likely to follow the wild, profane companion, who is bright and energetic, than the correct, manly one. A single profane youth will lead a dozen associates in school into profanity, when the blameless scholar, who would scorn to take the name of God in vain, does not influence one of them to adopt clean, uplifting speech. Why is this? Because it is so much easier to adopt and maintain the evil than the good. All that a thoughtless boy has to do to become corrupt and low is to commit himself to the current of evil, just as we find it in all communities, and allow himself to be drifted down the treacherous stream. But it is a struggle for him to swim against the current. He can succeed only by his best efforts. Indeed, it is only desperate exertions that keep him from drifting down stream.

The farmer does not have to toil and sweat to raise weeds. They grow without care or labor, and even dispute every inch of ground. But he must toil and sweat to cultivate the staple productions of the earth, — corn, wheat, rye, and other grains. So of

the trades. It is easy enough to make bunglers; and this is the reason we have so many of them in the world. The superior carpenters, bootmakers, masons, printers, authors, statesmen, lawyers, physicians, and ministers are few in number. It requires work, work, work, to make this class, so that only here and there one is willing to pay the price.

Even the good habit of hanging up the hat by boy or girl, on coming into the house, is not so easily formed as the opposite. It requires some thought and pains to do that; but the most careless and disorderly boy can throw down his hat anywhere. The author was once in a family, where he witnessed an amusing illustration of this truth. The father of the family arose to go out, and looked about for his hat. After a vain search, he inquired of his wife where it was. She answered, "You have four or five about the house somewhere, and you might find one of them, I should think, if you were in the habit of hanging them up." Then, turning to me, she added, "He never formed the habit of hanging up his hat when he was a boy." It was easier to throw his hat down than to hang it up, and he did the easiest thing.

It is easier not to learn a lesson, and, for that reason, some pupils often fail in their classes. They must apply themselves closely to study, if they would excel in scholarship; and they choose never to excel rather than put in the hard work necessary.

From whatever standpoint we view this subject, the verdict is for good habits every time. These

serve a high purpose everywhere. They bear inspection. They challenge respect. They satisfy conscience. They bless more and more from year to year.

Says William James Tilley, "A man's success in life depends so largely upon the good habits which he forms at an early period that nothing would seem to be more important than to have the strongest possible conviction of this wrought into his mind at the very outset."

XXXVII.

TWO BAD HABITS TO SHUN.

THE use of tobacco and intoxicating drinks are two perilous habits. There is nothing at all to be said in their favor. Very few of the users ever attempt to defend their practice. A public speaker was invited to address a "Band of Hope"; and when he appeared before the juveniles, he found that their pledge prohibited the use of tobacco as well as intoxicating drinks; and the speaker himself was a smoker of fifty years' standing. The situation embarrassed him at first, but he finally rallied and dealt honestly with the subject.

"My young friends," he said, "you may be surprised to know that I smoke, and you may think that I am very inconsistent when I tell you that there is no excuse for it. I do not pretend to defend the habit, and I would advise you and everybody else never to begin the use of tobacco in any form, if you never have begun; and, if you have, to cease the

indulgence as soon as possible. It is difficult to break the habit once formed; and but for this, I should have abandoned it long ago, for it is an evil habit that can do no one any good."

We run no risk in saying that all tobacco users of any standing in society will advise boys never to form the habit. Many of them may be such abject slaves to it that they have not sufficient will power to conquer it; and for that very reason they will advise youth to avoid that sort of slavery. Down in their heart of hearts they feel ashamed of themselves. For just think of their condition! Men of twenty, thirty, forty, and fifty years' experience, too weak to overcome a bad habit! Are they not to be pitied? A good reason is found just here, why young people should abjure the use of tobacco, whether for smoking, chewing, or snuffing.

The active principle of tobacco is nicotine, and it is a deadly poison. It is capital for killing bugs on vines and vermin on flowering shrubs; but no one recommends it to boys for daily use. As a boy is better than a bug, so much the more vigilance and endeavor should be used to keep it out of his way. Boys should not tamper with a poison; and they do whenever they use tobacco in any form. The only safe course is not to touch the dirty stuff.

Smokers of any claim to respectability do not smoke in the presence of ladies. Why? Because it is not gentlemanly. A rough, clown, or boor might do it, but no gentleman will. This fact completely refutes the argument of some boys, that, to

smoke is to be a gentleman. It is one of the silliest delusions known among men. There is no gentleman about it. A bad habit is not really respectable anywhere. High-minded people never coddle and defend it; low-minded people do that. On railroad trains they have a car for smoking and chewing humans, because it is neither gentlemanly nor respectable for them to keep up their practice among the better class of passengers. The latter stoutly object.

That health is jeopardized, neatness and sweetness sacrificed, economy ignored, and the comfort of others disregarded by the use of tobacco, no one will deny: and this ought to be sufficient to make the boys solid against it. In front of tobacco shops there is often seen the statue of a wild Indian holding a bunch of cigars. We do not know the exact object of the sign, but it plainly suggests the origin of the tobacco habit. It is not an element of Christian civilization, and should be resisted.

The use of intoxicating beverages is even more strange than the use of tobacco, because it has ruined and killed millions of the human family. The active principle of all intoxicants is alcohol — as deadly a poison as nicotine. Doctors put a dead human body into alcohol to preserve it; how unreasonable to put that alcohol into a live human body for any reason whatever! “Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken!”

Nearly all the States and territories in our land have enacted laws requiring instruction in public

schools upon the dire effects of intoxicating liquors on mankind. This action was taken because drunkenness, misery, pauperism, vice, and crime have become so widespread through drink. It is a measure adopted to save the young. Nearly all drunkards are made by beginning to drink the lighter intoxicants, as beer, cider, and wine in early life. Wise legislators think that the young will never touch intoxicating beverages if they are so instructed that they see the peril of indulgence. Hence the provision to teach temperance in schools. It may prove of more value to youth than grammar or arithmetic. The latter studies will never be of much use to the boy or girl who becomes intemperate. The drunkard needs reformation more than he does mathematics.

A clergyman was addressing an audience of young people in Boston, on one very cold night in winter. When the meeting was in progress, he observed a wreck of a young man enter and take a seat near the door; and he listened attentively. When the audience was dismissed, and nearly all of them had left the hall, the ruined young man walked up to the desk, trembling from head to foot with the effects of his debauch, and grasping the hand of the speaker, said, "I am a drunkard beyond recovery."

The minister observed his high, noble forehead and large head, indicating talents and character once; and he responded, almost without thinking, "You look as if you might be saved, and as if you were worth saving."

"I am a drunkard beyond recovery," the human wreck repeated.

The minister became deeply interested, and drew him out. He learned that he was the son of a wealthy citizen, that his father banished him from home several years before on account of his drunken life, although he learned to drink at his own father's table where wine was used daily — that he was a medal scholar in the public school that he attended, — and that he began an intemperate life in his youth. Sad, dreadful example of the ruin wrought by intoxicating beverages! Every town furnishes similar facts, and the nation numbers them by thousands, if not millions. A fearful warning! "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red. . . . At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

There is only one agent in the universe that can make a drunkard, and that is ALCOHOL, the chief element found in all intoxicating beverages. Other poisons may kill, but this alone makes the drunkard. No doubt this is why the Bible denounces it so harshly, and calls it a "viper," "the cruel venom of asps," "mocker," "poison of dragons," "wine-cup of his fury," and other like terms of denunciation. For this reason, too, many States of our republic enact laws to suppress the sale of intoxicants, and in all countries except our own pure alcohol cannot be legally purchased only under the conditions that govern the sale of other poisons. It is too dangerous an article for common traffic.

Tobacco and alcohol appear to have an affinity

for each other. The use of the first often leads to the use of the last. Reformed drunkards say that they had to discontinue the use of tobacco in order to discontinue the use of spirits. It was easier to give up both than spirits alone; for tobacco hindered the control or extinction of the appetite for rum. The two habits were in league, so that it was necessary to banish them together.

Here, then, is a strong case. These two habits have blocked more ways to success than all others. But for these, thousands of bright, smart young men might have succeeded in their chosen pursuits. They made shipwreck because they yielded to temptation at these points. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

XXXVIII.

GOOD READING.

READING may be a blessing or curse. It depends upon what is read, and how it is read. That many persons are not improved by their reading is universally conceded. Many people claim that they do not read for improvement, they read for amusement; and so they read trashy stories that never ought to be tolerated among thoughtful men and women. Dime novels, and what are called "Blood and Thunder Stories," are the only books that many persons, old and young, ever read. Their time over them is worse than wasted. Many a boy has been led into vice and crime by such stories. Almost

every week sad tales of youthful depravity, are rehearsed in the daily journals, the cause assigned being dime novels.

There is but one safe rule about reading,—read only good books. Life is too short for any reading but the best. We have no time to waste even on doubtful books. There is a large class of books and story-papers that may not be necessary evils, but they are devoid of an uplifting influence, and there is no time in our human life to read such volumes. We have not time enough to read a quarter part of the best books there are; and surely it cannot be wise to spend any portion of it in reading the worst. A careful selection of the most valuable books and journals should be made, with the advice of those more familiar with them than ourselves, in order that reading may prove a blessing.

Reading good books and journals promotes *thinking*; and this is one of the highest objects to be attained. It is what we should read for. But reading for amusement alone does not awaken thought. The average story has not the least tendency to beget thinking. The novel-reader is not a thinker; he is the last person to expect such an acquisition. Even the best works of fiction, to which we do not object, do not set the mind to thinking as historical and biographical works do, or travels and choice literature. This fact, when we consider the little time one has for reading, ought to settle the question once for all as to what shall be read. Read only the best books.

There is companionship in books, and, if they are good, their society is improving, as the society of living associates is. It is not necessary to have many of them ; a few may secure the desired object more surely than many. The great thinkers of the world, like Homer, Newton, Spenser, Bowditch, and Webster read few books, but they were valuable, and they were read carefully. Better read one book thoroughly than ten superficially. The boy or girl who reads a single book so attentively as to appropriate its counsels, is more benefited thereby than the boy or girl who reads ten similar books superficially. Hence, it is a good practice for young people to write in a blank book the striking thoughts, incidents, and illustrations they meet with in their reading. The practice will cultivate attention, application, observation, and a whole train of good habits.

We have spoken of Lucy Larcom. In this way she was accustomed to read, and transfer to a note-book whatever of interest and value she found in books. In addition to the formation of an excellent habit, it proved to her a source of real enjoyment in womanhood, as well as a treasure of thoughts and information. Her notes became very valuable for reference.

Walter Besant, the prolific and popular author, began to write poetry for the press when he was seventeen years old. But he was a great reader at ten, devouring such works as "Pilgrim's Progress," "Gulliver's Travels," "Nicholas Nicholby," Shake-

speare, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Scott, Wordsworth, Byron, and, later on, "Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding" and "Bacon's Essays." He never read "trash" at all. A good book or none was his rule. Nor was he ever dissatisfied with his selection. In common with scholars and thinkers, he advised young people to avoid reading that is not food for the mind; and he said that boys and girls who cannot be pleased with the excellent books our age provides, without resorting to trashy stories, are in a very bad way.

Sir Josiah Mason had very meagre opportunities to learn in early life. At eight years of age, he began to earn his living by selling cakes on the streets of his native town, Kidderminster, England. This employment was varied from that time for a number of years, sometimes assisting grocers and other shopkeepers, and turning off odd jobs that were offered. At fifteen he resolved to improve his mind. Borrowing and buying books that were suited to develop his intellectual powers, as history, poetry, biography, and travels, he set to work to make a man of himself. Every moment of leisure time was given to self-culture. He studied the best things and read only the best books. He never read a dime novel; indeed, he never read a story in his life. He never found time to read other than works of a stimulating and improving character. He became one of the most eminent public men of England, a philanthropist of wide reputation, the founder of an orphanage and college; and when

he died, a few years ago, his whole native land bewailed his death.

XXXIX.

KNOWING HOW.

EXPERTS are persons who are supposed to know how to do their particular work well — better than any one else. An expert lawyer is one who is thought to be better acquainted with law — at least, on certain lines — than any other lawyer. So an expert physician is he who is better versed than others of his profession, at least, on a class of diseases. Thus we say of a skilled workman, in mechanics or other pursuit, he is an expert, because he does things remarkably well; he knows how to do what he claims to know.

People often are unsuccessful in their occupation because they are not skilful in it. They do not excel; they never tried to excel. They have been content with mediocre, and, therefore, have never aspired to something better. They may know how to do things to a certain extent; but they cannot do them as well as they ought, or might. They do not aim to be the best there is in their occupations. Skilled workers in shops, stores, and on farms, and even in medicine, law, and theology, number far, far less than the unskilled. We have to inquire after and search out the best carpenters, blacksmiths, cabinet-makers, not to name workers in other pursuits; but the ordinary workers can be found anywhere, and counted by the dozen.

The machinery in a Brooklyn factory, New York,

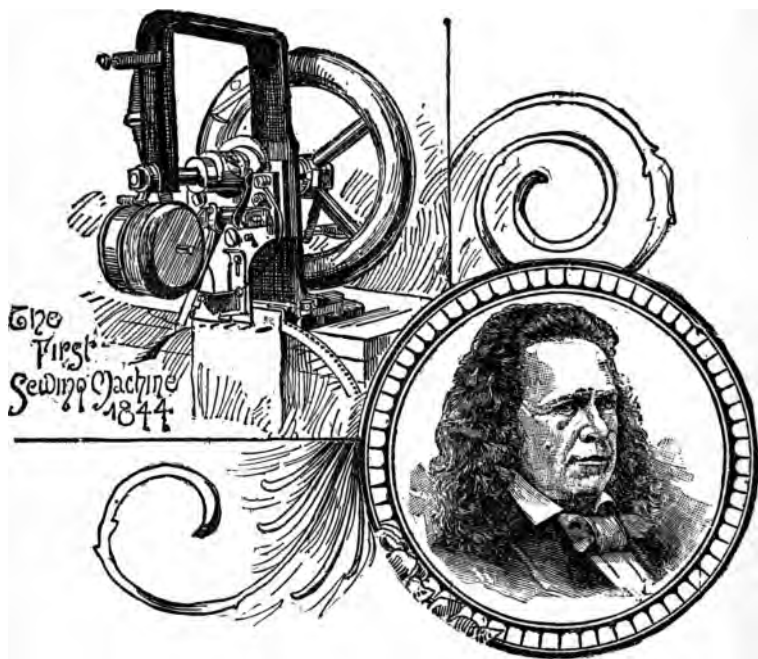
broke down, and the proprietor sent for an expert to repair it. The latter responded at once, looked over the machinery and said, "Your mill must be shut down for a week." That would be a heavy expense to the proprietor, and he did not wish to undergo so great a loss. So he sent for a sort of a mechanical genius whom he knew; and the man came promptly, repaired the works in about two hours, and then started up the mill, which was now all right. He made out his bill thus: Repairing machinery, \$.50; knowing how, \$25.; total, \$25.50.

The proprietor did not present a single objection to the bill, but paid it, saying, "Knowing how! Yes; that is it; men who don't know how should be paid nothing." Evidently he concluded that the man who called himself an expert did not know how, or he never would have said that the mill must be shut down for a week.

Knowing how, which is another name for doing things in the best manner, should be the aim of every one, no matter what occupation he chooses. There is satisfaction in this; but there is none in not knowing, or half knowing. Nor does half knowing pay as well. Skilled toilers in everything get the largest pay. In times of business depression, skilled workmen are retained; the commonplace hands are dismissed. Knowing how receives the largest wages, and is surest of constant employment. One of Loyola's maxims was, "He who does well one work at a time does more than all."

Lord St. Leonards was a lawyer, and he claimed

that the motto with which he started out in life — TO BE THE BEST OR NOTHING — was the secret of his success. He said to Sir Fowell Buxton, "I resolved, when beginning to read law, to make everything I acquired perfectly my own, and never to go



ELIAS HOWE AND THE FIRST SEWING MACHINE.

to a second thing till I had entirely accomplished the first. Many of my competitors read as much in a day as I did in a week ; but at the end of twelve months my knowledge was as fresh as the day it was acquired, while theirs had glided away from recollection."

The first maker of a hammer — David Maydole — made it for himself, and so he made it just as well as he could. A neighbor saw it, and wanted one. So he made another as nearly perfect as he could make it, and the neighbor bought it. Then a merchant wanted a dozen to put on sale; and another merchant in New York City ordered all the hammer-maker could manufacture. In forty years he employed scores of men in making hammers, and was rich. Thoroughness, or doing things well, did it. Aiming at the best always takes the prize.

Elias Howe, the inventor of the first sewing-machine, was a very thoughtful, studious boy. He was but seventeen or eighteen years of age when he first thought that a sewing-machine was a possible invention. The idea took complete possession of him, and he began to work it up by evening study and experiment. He was wont to master any work he undertook; and so he began to make the first sewing-machine with this invincible spirit.

Friends ridiculed his project. They thought he was trying to do the impossible, and that the result would be poverty and disgrace. But he knew what he was about. A real sewing-machine was in his brain, and he knew how to give it visible existence. But when, at last, he was successful, and his machine was put upon the market, great opposition arose among the wage-earners; "because," they said, "labor-saving machines will deprive us of employment." For several years, this delusion prevailed, and Howe became very poor and somewhat disheartened.

At length, however, this foolish notion was banished, and the sewing-machine received a mighty boom. Within a few years after its sale began in earnest, Howe's annual income from its sale reached TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Such experiences in the struggles of common life are beautifully sung in "The Heritage," by James Russell Lowell.

XL.

THE HERITAGE.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares ;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble-shares,
And soft, white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants ;
His stomach craves for dainty fare ;
With sated heart, he hears the pants

Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit ;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son ! there is a toil
That with all others level stands ;
Large charity doth never soil,

But only whiten soft, white hands, —
This is the best crop from thy lands ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son ! scorn not thy state ;
There is worse weariness than thine
In merely being rich and great ;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest frequent and benign ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last ;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

XLI.

IMPROVEMENT OF LEISURE TIME.

ONE girl or boy may become an honor to society by improving leisure time. Another may make shipwreck of life by allowing spare hours to run to waste, or devoting them to sinful ways. Leisure hours need not be idle hours. The latter are dangerous in themselves ; the former are dangerous only in their use. A bad use of leisure time often leads

to ruin ; its wise use as often leads to honor and usefulness.

The difference between Amos Lawrence and the other young men who boarded at the same place in Boston was found in the manner of using their evenings. All were alike clerks, and had their evenings to improve or misimprove, as they pleased. Lawrence desired to improve by reading, and, at his request, the landlady made a rule that all the boarders should be quiet in the public room for one hour after supper, that boarders who desired to read should not be interrupted. Most of the young men joined Lawrence in self-improvement, but a few went to resorts of pleasure and vice, sneering at the idea of self-culture as they went.

Thirty or forty years afterwards, Mr. Lawrence wrote as follows : “ The few who would not comply with the rule went abroad after tea, sometimes to the theatre, sometimes to other places, but, *to a man, became bankrupt in after life, not only in fortune, but in reputation*, while a majority of the other class sustained good characters, and some are now living who are ornaments to society and fill important stations.” Leisure time is a blessing or curse according to its use. A Boston merchant once said, “ Tell me how a clerk spends his evenings, and I will tell you how he will come out.”

Young people have much leisure time, even those who are busiest at home when out of school. Many have all their time before and after school for play or anything that is better. Dividing it between play

and self-culture would give them quite a number of hours in a week for self-improvement. A useful book at hand, to be caught up and read in these odd moments, will prove of great value. In this way many men and women have made their lives illustrious.

It is better still to plan and study to get leisure. The effort to secure it is a discipline in itself. The search for truth is more than half the blessing after the truth is found. So, planning and striving for leisure time, in which to do a special work, is worth as much to the worker as the leisure itself. Besides, leisure that is secured in this way is enjoyed with keener relish. It has cost something to get it; and, for that reason, it is worth all the more.

William Gifford was, at one time, the poorest boy in Ashburton, England. His intemperate, worthless father died, leaving William's mother penniless and in feeble health. In one year the devoted mother died, also, and the brute of a landlord kept William in the family to serve, and sent his brother to the poor-house. William possessed a thirst for knowledge and every moment of time that his hard master did not command was devoted to reading. He went to school just enough to prove that his mind was hungering for knowledge.

Finally, the landlord, who was his self-constituted guardian, put him on board a coasting-vessel as cabin-boy. Then, at fourteen, he was apprenticed to a shoemaker until he became twenty-one years of age. Yet, in all these years of hardship, he found

leisure moments and improved them. All the while, down in his heart of hearts was the secret resolve that some day he would gratify his literary ambition. With his small opportunities, while serving under cruel taskmasters, he had more useful knowledge at twenty-one than many college graduates ; and it was the result of improved leisure moments. William Gifford became one of the most noted literary men in the British realm. He never had an idle moment in his life. He did grand things when he was at leisure.

When the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary was established two sisters subscribed one hundred dollars to aid the enterprise. They had but two or three hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day ; and, before the time to pay their subscription arrived, they lost every cent of that through the misfortune or misdeeds of the man whose note for the amount they held. But they insisted upon paying their subscription. By devoting one hour each day to a special work which they sought, they could earn enough to pay their subscription in six months. This was accomplished by planning and economizing for that single hour per day, and it yielded them far more enjoyment than was possible without plan and purpose to command it.

The following fact is very instructive on this point. "A lad was apprenticed to a soap-boiler at fourteen years of age. One of his resolutions was to read one hour a day, or, at least, at that rate ; and he had an old silver watch, left him by his

uncle, which he timed his reading by. He stayed seven years with his master, and his master said of him when he was twenty-one, 'he knows as much as the young squire.' Now, let us see how much time he had to read in the seven years, at the rate of an hour a day. It would be twenty-five hundred and twenty-five hours; which, at the rate of eight reading hours a day, would be three hundred and nineteen days, equal to forty-five weeks, equal to eleven months, nearly a year's reading. That time spent in treasuring up useful knowledge would pile up a very large store. I am sure it is worth trying for. Try what you can do. Begin now."

Dr. Franklin said, "Leisure is time for doing something useful," — a correct idea that alone can redeem spare moments from waste.

Mr. Gladstone, the great English statesman, said, "Believe me when I tell you that thrift of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that the waste of it will make you dwindle, alike in intellect and in moral stature, beyond your darkest reckonings."

XLII.

SPENDING MONEY.

MONEY makes and unmakes people. The Bible says, "The love of money is the root of all evil." That is, money loved for its own sake may lead to all kinds of evil, from cheating to murder. This needs no proof further than the disclosures of busi-

ness and prisons. And, yet, nothing is more necessary and serviceable than money. Without it, the world's progress would stop. In hard times, when, for any reason, money is scarce, there is distress in families. It can create comfort and opportunities.

Young persons of both sexes spend more or less money on their own account. It is true, no doubt, that those who spend the least, or, rather, spend what they do most economically, become the noblest men and women. Money well used is a friend; but, ill used, it is a dire enemy. The proverb says, "Money is a good servant, but a hard master."

That the average boy, and perhaps it is true of the average girl, is disposed to spend money foolishly goes without saying. He does not stop to think about it; he thinks only of present gratification. That *how* he spends money has anything to do with his future character, he has not the remotest idea. If he be told that money lavishly spent for games, confectionery, and mere pleasure is inimical to good character, twenty years hence, he does not believe it. At least, he is prepared to try the experiment for himself.

When the late martyr President Lincoln was a boy of sixteen or seventeen years, he earned his first dollar in the following way, as he told a cabinet officer when he was President. He said, "I belonged, you know, to what they call down South the 'Scrubs.' People who did not own slaves were nobody there. I made a little flat-boat to take produce to market. Two men engaged me to take

themselves and their trunks to a steamboat in the river. They got on board, and I lifted up their heavy trunks and put them on deck. Each of them took a silver half dollar and threw upon the floor of my boat. I could scarcely credit it, that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that hour."

He had never had any spending money to that date, and this dollar was the first he had ever earned for himself. His first thought was not how to *spend* it, but how to *keep* it. There was peril in the first idea, but not in the last. He chose the side of safety in the use of money, and he always claimed that this choice had much to do with his future career. He never spent a dollar foolishly in his life.

The lives of such men as Lincoln, wise, conscientious, economical, and benevolent, prove what Henry Taylor said is true, "A right measure and manner in getting, saving, spending, giving, taking, lending, borrowing, and bequeathing money would almost argue a perfect man."

A writer says, "It is easier to make money than to know how to spend it," and he never uttered a greater truth. He spoke from experience, which is the best schoolmaster there is. Nearly all rich men will confirm the statement. If it be so, young people must never think that the way of spending money is not important.

When Benjamin Franklin was seven years old, he was given six cents on a holiday to spend as he

pleased. He went into the streets of Boston, which was a small town then, in great glee, permitted to do his shopping and spend his money alone. He met a boy blowing a whistle with all his might. Benjamin was fascinated by the music, and resolved to possess a similar treasure. Entering a toy shop, he inquired, "Any whistles?" "Plenty," was the shopkeeper's reply, as he laid a whole box full before the young customer. "I will give you all the money I have for one," said Benjamin, thinking that the proprietor might ask more than six cents. "How much have you?" Benjamin told him frankly; and the result was, the boy carried home a three-cent whistle for which he paid six. His parents and brothers laughed at him for *paying too dear for his whistle*.

In manhood, Franklin said that young people are inclined to pay too dear for a whistle; that they need to consider what they get in return for their money, and not rush for something to satisfy a present passion, as he did. He concluded that self-denial was the best counsellor possible in spending money.

Mrs. Oliphant says, "The secret of all success is to know how to deny yourself. If you once learn to get the whip hand of yourself, that is the best educator. Prove to me that you can control yourself, and I will say you are an educated man; and, without this, all other education is good for next to nothing."

It is certain that rich men must live as poor men

do, to get the most good and highest enjoyment out of their wealth. They must be economical, self-denying, wise, and benevolent in the use of their riches. Young people must possess these qualities, also, to spend money properly. Without them, their method of spending it alone will make life a failure.

It is a capital practice for youth of both sexes to keep an expense book as well as a diary. The latter is an educator, and is worthy of universal adoption. Spending money may be recorded in that, or it may be entered in a separate book. The latter is preferable. The practice often prevents extravagance. When persons spend a cent here and there, they do not stop to think how much the sum total is for a month or a year. The record will remind them, and show whether the things for which money has been spent are such as their sound, second thought approves.

A girl of thirteen years was induced to keep an account by her parents. They knew that their daughter was not aware of the aggregate of her spendings, a cent here, two cents there, with a nickel and a dime occasionally. The girl herself was surprised, at the close of a year, to find that she had spent over three dollars for confectionery, nearly three for chewing-gum, and two or three times the amount of either for nicknacks. The result was she learned from the record to practise more economy and self-denial.

XLIII.

MAKE SURE OF HEALTH.

MEDICAL practitioners say that very few people, young or old, take care of their health as they ought. It is true, especially with the young. The latter class scarcely think of the value of health — that it is necessary in order to be eminently successful in their pursuits. They eat what they want, if they can get it. Cake, confectionery, and sweetmeats in great variety constitute a portion of their diet. They do not admit that milk or pure water is better for them than coffee or tea; they insist upon having the latter. Of course, there are exceptions, but we speak of the young as a class; they think and plan very little for health.

In consequence, our school system has been unjustly blamed. Pupils break down in health, and parents charge it to the pressure at school — a false charge in nine cases out of ten. Improper food, excitement in social customs, methods of dress, late hours and consequent curtailment of sleep, and reading extravagant fiction are the real causes in a majority of cases. If habits out of school were in harmony with the laws of health, the application required in the schoolroom would prove harmless.

Isaac Walton said, "Look to your health, and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is a blessing that money cannot buy; therefore, value it, and be thankful for it."

The great Apostle wrote to His brethren, "Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper *and be in health*, even as thy soul prospereth." He wanted their bodies to be as healthy as their souls; and so they must care for the former as for the latter. To young men He said, "I have written unto you because ye are strong." Health was one of the blessings included in being "strong."

The late President Lincoln was born in a log cabin in Kentucky, and was obliged to work for a living as soon as he could turn his hand to any job. His food was coarse, but healthful; and he lived in the air most of the time, even when he was in the house; for his father's cabin was rickety, with plenty of crevices for the air to enter. He slept on the floor, too, until he was twenty-one years old.

In his manhood, Lincoln was the strongest man in the region. He could lift more pounds, perform more labor, and endure larger drafts upon his strength than any man he knew. His mind, also, was bright and active, and he could study half the night, and continue the practice for weeks, without fatigue.

Now, Mr. Lincoln always claimed that in his youth he accumulated a reserve of health upon which he drew in later life as naturally as he breathed. He held that work, pure air, wholesome food, without indulgence in luxuries of any sort, in his early life explained his physical condition in manhood. For this reason, after he was so situated that he could command luxuries and ease to some extent, he continued to work hard, eating plain food, securing suf-

ficient sleep, and keeping in mind the old maxim, "Health is wealth."

Such has been the experience of successful men with few exceptions. The Garibaldis, Gladstones, Washingtons, Adams, Franklins, Vanderbilts have been men of lusty health. Among women, Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, Martha Washington, Margaret Fuller, and a host of others of like eminence laid up a store of strength in their youth.

The young should not overlook the fact that they can lay up strength in reserve for the future, as they can lay up money. It is not only their privilege, but their duty to do it. They are under moral obligations to observe the laws of health. In this way they prepare for manhood and womanhood. In the future struggle of life, there will be times when they must perform the labor of two days in one, perhaps go without sleep, and even fast for a day; and then reserved strength, accumulated in youth, is more valuable than money. Shakespeare taught this, as follows: —

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly."

Skill, industry, ability, tact, and knowledge are not half as useful to feeble men and women as they are to the healthy. True. Pascal, Robert Hall, Pitt,

William of Orange, Channing, and many other noted men were feeble; but they are exceptions to the rule. With robust health, they might have accomplished twice as much as they did, and with far more enjoyment to themselves. Moral and intellectual forces are greater when supplemented by physical vigor.

Colton said, "Money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied. The poorest man would not part with health for money; the richest man would part with all his money for health."

XLIV.

THE TRIUMPH OF PATIENCE.

"LET us run with patience the race that is set before us," the Apostle said to the Hebrews; and His counsel is just as pertinent for our earthly as it is for the heavenly race. Patience is indispensable to success. It is the power of waiting for expected results, with a calm, restful spirit. There is no fretting or nervousness about it. There is laboring for the object, earnest, steady, unconquerable effort, but no complaint or restiveness. True patience is enterprising and hopeful, just the same in secular business as it is in religion.

Here is found a great obstacle to success. Boys and girls desire to reap results without waiting long. They would grow to be men and women in one half the time required, if possible. Ten years seems to

them a long time to spend in school; they would like to cut it down one half. To practise three, four, and five hours a day for twenty years on the piano is very disheartening to think of. They would become experts in music and song in much less time, if they could. For this reason many youth do not try hard to excel; and quite a large per cent. of those who do try become discouraged and give up in despair. What they need is patience.

Young men, on entering business, expect to be rich in ten years, instead of forty, as their fathers did. They complain that the road to success is too long. They could put up with a rough road, but they want it short. Others want to become learned, or renowned, in much less time than those who prospered before them. They think that it scarcely pays to wait so long for achievements.

Now, this sort of feeling can never make a successful career. It stands squarely in the way to such a result. Patience must take its place in the soul and dwell in power there to make a human life noble and grand in triumph. For patience carries with it a whole train of royal virtues — courage, hope, application, industry, perseverance, and irrepressible purpose. Patience is a planet of first magnitude, and these are its satellites.

Noah Webster loved study in his boyhood. He could work for hours patiently over a problem, or at a task on the farm. He early displayed a love of research and the study of words. Finally, he resolved to make a dictionary of the English language.

He realized the magnitude of the undertaking —
that it might consume his whole lifetime to complete



GEORGE BANCROFT.

the work. But his patience was equal to the task. He spent thirty-six years upon his dictionary, and they were years of severe toil. Thirty-six years upon the dry study of words and their meaning! Surely, patience must have had its "perfect work." But how grand this sturdy old virtue appears when the object is accomplished! What courage, industry, persistent effort, and indomitable will are required to consummate such a task!

Charles Dickens once said that he was wont to read an article of his own composition once a day for six months, before he was prepared to read it in public. Few men would have the patience to go through a six months' drill like that. But it is a regal quality of the soul that can labor like that for its object.

The most distinguished violinist that Europe ever sent to this country disturbed the guests in adjacent rooms at a Boston hotel. One of them said to him, "I should think that the most famous fiddler in the world might get along with less practice." The artist replied, "I hold an audience spellbound because I practise so much. Six hours of close practice a day enables me to charm my listeners." How wonderful the patience required!

George Bancroft, our late honored historian, was one of the most patient pupils that Worcester, Mass., where he was born, could ever boast. He was a very studious, thoughtful boy, never in a hurry, but never behind time. He seemed to have just time enough in which to do his tasks well, but none to spare.

In college he was as patient at his work as he had been in the public school. Never satisfied with less than perfect lessons, he became master of every science he studied, and was graduated with high honors. Then he went abroad and spent several years in pursuing his studies further.

But his remarkable patience appeared in his "History of the United States," on which he spent *twenty-six years* before the work was completed for the press. The study, research, and critical weighing of evidence on a thousand points, necessary to produce such a work, required an amount of patience that was phenomenal. That history was the work of his lifetime, and worth all it cost.

"Be patient! Oh, be patient! The germs of mighty thought
Must have their silent undergrowth—must underground be
wrought;

But as sure as there's a Power that makes the grass appear,
Our land shall be green with liberty—THE BLADE-TIME SHALL
APPEAR!"

XLV.

THE TRUE LADY.

THE term "lady" is of Saxon origin, and means a loaf-giver, or one who dispenses charity. Of course, it carries the idea of kindness, tolerance, good-will, and that charity that "believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." In this sense, the term is a very beautiful one, and differs widely from the meaning attached to it by modern customs. It is one of the most abused words in

the English language, being often used to denote only those females whose birth and wealth enable them to maintain a certain style of living, without regard to intelligence or goodness.

There is also a popular use of the word, which applies it to the female sex in general — a use of the term that is well-nigh as objectionable as that just noticed.

Now, in the outset, we say that no amount of money can make a lady. Neither can high birth nor a princely wardrobe do it. Without rank or fortune a female may win the title. Without pearls and diamonds, or a retinue of servants, she may possess refinement and taste, propriety and grace of expression and manners, and proper regard for the rights and feelings of others, together with those heart qualities which diffuse a pure and elevating influence through the social life, encouraging the lowly, and blessing the unfortunate and distressed — and she is the lady.

Many girls suppose that it is not lady-like to earn a livelihood with their own hands. To be a lady is to be exempt from the necessity of labor. They attach a sort of degradation to certain kinds of works, especially housework. They would be greatly mortified if friends of the other sex should find them with a dishcloth or rolling-pin in hand. To know how to make bread, darn a stocking, wash a dress, or roast a turkey is knowing too much for a lady. They really think that ignorance of such things is creditable to them. Their mothers may help Bridget, or

be Bridget in the kitchen from morning until night, and from January to January again, without degrading themselves, but their daughters must not soil their hands or humble their pride by such menial work. Poor, deluded, pitiable creatures !

The wife of John Hancock, one of the early statesmen of our land, was a true lady. She was not under the necessity of laboring ; but she did. She was thoroughly familiar with her household affairs, and no servant could cook, wash, sweep, or dust better than she. She believed that every wife and mother should know how to conduct housekeeping, even though supplied with the best servants. Her views of dress and etiquette were in strict harmony with her views of housework. She once said, " I will never forgive a girl who does not dress to please, nor one who seems pleased with her dress." She meant about the same that Rev. John Newton did when he replied to the question, " What is the best rule for females to observe in dress ? " " Madam, so dress and so conduct yourself that persons who have been in your company shall not recollect what you had on." In other words, " Be a lady."

Mrs. Crittenden, wife of the first governor of Vermont, was a lady, also. Once some wealthy gentlemen with their wives dined with the governor by invitation. When dinner was ready, Mrs. Crittenden summoned the workmen, and all sat down together. The visitors were very aristocratic ; and one of the females said to Mrs. Crittenden, after retiring from the table, " You do not usually have

your hired laborers sit down at the first table, do you ? ”

“ Why, yes,” replied Mrs. Crittenden, “ we have thus far done so, but are now thinking of having a different arrangement. The governor and myself have been talking the matter over a little lately, and come to the conclusion that the men who do nearly all the hard work ought to have the first table, and that he and I, who do so little, should be content with the second. *But, in compliment to you, I thought I would have you sit down with them to-day at the first table.*”

Heart qualities make the true lady. No outside influence or decoration can do it. Her evolution is from within. By this arrangement, the humblest girl may become a true lady. Were riches or position necessary to this end, she would be excluded, which would be unjust and shameful. Now she can become a lady in the best sense of the term, and thank God for it.

The finest description of a real lady is given by Solomon, as follows, “ Who can find a virtuous woman ? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She layeth her hand to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hands to the poor ; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. Strength and honor are her clothing ; and she shall rejoice in time to come. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the

elders of the land. She openeth her mouth with wisdom ; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed : her husband, also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

XLVI.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

Boys make the same mistake about the true gentleman that girls do about the true lady. A gentleman is one who can live at ease, they think, — a rich, popular citizen who is honored for his position. If this were a correct view, comparatively few boys could become gentlemen. But it is an error ; and it should be discarded as unworthy of thought or attention. Any boy can develop into a true gentleman, if he will, no matter how humble his lot in life.

Florence Nightingale, the world-renowned nurse in the Crimean War, related the following incident that occurred before Sebastopol. "I remember a sergeant who, on picket, the rest of the picket killed and himself battered about the head, stumbled back to camp, and on his way picked up a wounded man and brought him in on his shoulders to the lines, where he fell down insensible. When, after many

hours, he recovered his senses — I believe after trepanning — his first words were to ask after his comrade. ‘Is he alive?’ ‘Comrade, indeed! yes, he’s alive; it is the general.’ At that moment, the general, though badly wounded, appeared at the bedside. ‘O, general, it’s you, is it, I brought in? I’m so glad; I didn’t know your honor. But, if I’d known it was you, I’d have saved you all the same.’”

This model soldier was a gentleman. There was gentleness, kindness, fidelity, a sense of obligation and honor about him that belonged to the true gentleman. He was poor, unhonored, probably uncultured, but, nevertheless, these and kindred qualities proved that he was not a boor or clown. He was more than a brave soldier; he was manly, thoughtful of others, and a true friend.

Dr. Huntington said, “A noble, attractive, and every-day bearing comes of goodness, of sincerity, of refinement. And these are bred in years, not moments. The principle that rules your life is the sure posture master. Sir Philip Sidney was the pattern to all England of a perfect gentleman; but, then, he was the hero that, on the field of Tutthan, pushed away the cup of cold water from his own fevered and parched lips, and held it out to the dying soldier at his side.”

In the early history of the anti-slavery cause, two lecturers were in the field — one an old Quaker of experience and discretion; the other a hot-headed, rattling young man, full of pluck and fire. The Quaker carried his audiences along to conviction,

while the young man awakened opposition, often resulting in disturbance that hurled brickbats and addled eggs. The young man spoke to the Quaker about it. "Friend," he said, "you and I are on the same mission, and preach the same things; and how is it that, while you are received cordially, I get nothing but abuse?" The Quaker replied, "I will tell thee. Thee says, 'If you do so and so, you shall be punished'; and I say, 'My friends, if you will *not* do so and so, you shall not be punished.'" In other words, the Quaker bore himself like a gentleman, while the young man did not.

Smiles tells the following story. "Once on a time, when the Adige suddenly overflowed its banks, the bridge of Verona was carried away, with the exception of the center arch, on which stood a house, whose inhabitants supplicated help from the windows, while the foundations were visibly giving away. "I will give a hundred French louis," said the Count Spolviniri, who stood by, "to any person who will venture to deliver these unfortunate people." A young peasant came forth from the crowd, seized a boat, and pushed into the stream. He gained the pier, received the whole family into the boat, and made for the shore, where he landed them in safety. "Here is your money, my brave young fellow," said the Count. "No," was the answer of the young man, "I do not sell my life; give the money to this poor family, who have need of it." Here spoke the true spirit of a gentleman, though he was but in the garb of a peasant!

Washington was a gentleman of the old school whose bow of recognition was a benediction to both old and young. One day, in company with a friend, he passed a colored man, who saluted him with manifest respect. Washington acknowledged his politeness with a bow, whereupon his friend objected to such deference to a negro. "Would you have him be more gentlemanly than I?" answered the great man.

A man once rebuked Robert Burns for familiarly recognizing a farmer in the streets of Edinburgh, to which Burns replied, "It was not the greatcoat, the scone bonnet, and the Saunders boot-hose that I spoke to, but the man that was in them." Burns was a gentleman.

These facts show that neither dress, aristocratic airs, high-tone bearing, nor anything of that sort can make a gentleman. Simplicity rather than affectation, honesty rather than hypocrisy, a noble aim rather than arrogant pride, gentleness rather than overbearing assumption, resolution rather than effeminacy, and character rather than mannerism, constitute the true gentleman. He sacrifices no rights of manhood, nor undervalues the courage and self-reliance that are so necessary to good citizenship. In the following poem Whittier has very forcibly and beautifully portrayed his noble spirit in one of the common duties of life.

XLVII.

THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY.

THE proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high ;
To-day, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
To-day, alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known ;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot-box my throne.

Who serves to-day upon the list
Beside the served shall stand ;
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
The gloved and dainty hand !
The rich is level with the poor,
The weak is strong to-day ;
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
Than homespun frock of gray.

To-day let pomp and vain pretence
My stubborn right abide ;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
To-day shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land ;
The wide world has not strength to buy
The power in my right hand !

While there's a grief to seek redress,
Or balance to adjust,

Where weighs our living manhood less
Than Mammon's vilest dust, —
While there's a right to need my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,
Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!
A man's a man to-day!

XLVIII.

LEARNING TO THINK.

LEARNING to think is even more important than it is to learn to walk. The mind is of more value than a limb, because it can lift a person into a higher and more useful life. When the hands and feet are under the control of a well-trained mind, they do the best service. Keeping this idea foremost, especially in early life, is the only way to the highest achievements.

A gentleman once said to Mary Lyon, "I have been told that you committed the Latin grammar to memory in three days when you were a school-girl; is it true?"

"Yes, it is true," answered Miss Lyon; "but it was in one of those schools where they only learn and recite." She meant a school where little thinking is done, and pupils do not learn how to use their minds. When she became a teacher, *thinking* was the first thing she required of her pupils. The mind must grasp and comprehend the subject in hand, whether the language of the lesson could be repeated or not. It was far more important to know the

meaning of the lesson than the language that conveyed it. Hence, thinking was the chief thing to be done.

The author watched a little child, one year old, sitting on the floor with its playthings, — blocks, a ball, a stick, etc. The ball rolled just beyond its reach, when the little one looked, and evidently considered how to reach it. Curious to see the result, we carefully noted the train of thought that seemed uppermost in the child's mind. At length, as if thinking had solved the problem of reaching the ball, she took up the stick and poked the ball near enough to her to be reached by the hand. The child was learning how to use the mind, as it had learned how to use the hands. When her mind settled what must be done, the hands immediately obeyed.

It is a singular fact that many people suppose that the more education a person gets, and the more he knows and thinks about art and science, and the inventions and great questions of the day, the less fitted he is for the practical duties of life. There could be no greater mistake than this. The best thinkers in our schools, of both sexes, become our best mechanics, agriculturists, teachers, lawyers, physicians, clergymen, statesmen orators, wives, and mothers. Absence of thinking exposes one to nearly all "the ills that flesh is heir to."

Even a great mind, untaught to think, fails of its mission as nearly as a small mind that is unthinking. The ten-talented pupil must learn to think as really as the one-talented. When that great man, Salmon

P. Chase, was a boy, his father's hired man told him that he could catch birds by putting salt on their tails. Accepting the statement as true, and, filling his pockets with salt, he started out to catch sparrows. After a few vain attempts, however, he began to think. He had not stopped to think about it before. But he found that before he could get near enough to a sparrow to sprinkle its tail with salt it would fly away. The fact set him to thinking. "If I could get near enough to a bird to put salt on its tail, I could catch it without salt," he said to himself; "the hired man was fooling me." From that time Salmon began to think for himself, and thinking became the most important part of his future life.

Many grown people, male and female, fritter away their time in trying to put salt on birds' tails; and they bring nothing to pass. If they would stop to think more carefully, they might achieve something, whether housekeeping, dressmaking, farming, trading, teaching, or what not. The more mind that is carried into any occupation or office the better. A well-educated dressmaker is preferable to an ignorant one. Any man who is a real man would prefer an intelligent, thinking woman for a wife. She is a more agreeable companion, if not more useful. A bright, well-informed housekeeper, capable of cooking a good dinner, or of discussing the merits of the last poem or the public questions that agitate the country, is a much more agreeable companion than an ignorant woman, whose thoughts never rise higher

than the bread she kneads or the socks she darns. This language applied to a man is equally true.

Marie Antoinette was a wild, thoughtless girl, caring more for novels and pleasure than for arith-



metic or improvement; and her career in womanhood did not belie her girlhood. She was a vain, ignorant, thoughtless, useless woman. Had she been taught to think in her youth, she might have become a benefactor, instead of a scourge.

On the other hand, Abigail Smith, wife of the second President of the United States, was a thinker in childhood. Female education was unpopular at that time, and very meagre provision was made for the education of girls. But neither Abigail nor her parents sympathized with the prevailing views about female culture. So Abigail studied and thought under the careful guidance of her father and mother. In womanhood she was remarkable for her knowledge, intelligence, and conversational powers; and, as the wife of President John Adams, her character and influence were exceptional. A writer said, "While Mr. Adams was wishing that some of our great men had such wives as Aspasia, he had such a wife, was himself such a man, and owed half his greatness to his Aspasia."

The difference between these two historical women illustrates the difference between education that accustoms the mind to think and education that leaves it thoughtless and aimless.

The mind is to think with; the fact must not be overlooked any more than that the hands are to handle with, and the feet to walk with. The hands and feet, unused, become powerless; and the mind, unused, becomes weak and imbecile. All grow by proper use — the mind as well as the hands and feet.

Thinking gives both strength and character to the mental faculties. It really makes the man.

Johann Gutenberg invented the art of printing. In his boyhood he was studious and fond of reading. Books that he read were in manuscript; for there was no art of printing then; and for that reason books were scarce. In manhood he became a lapidary, and continued his habit of reading in spare hours.

One day, as he was reading, the thought arose in his mind, why may not letters be invented to print with? The thought grew upon him until he actually set apart time in which to study how to make letters to print books with. His wife encouraged him in the trial of his inventive genius, and the more he studied the surer he was of success.

It was not long before he had made enough letters for a test. The reader can imagine with what thrilling interest he proceeded to take the first impression, and with what exultation he hailed the first impression as a success! Here was the origin of the art of printing, that is the wonder of our age.

XLIX.

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.

THE proverb is, "A place for everything, and everything in its place." This means ORDER — acting systematically. "Order is heaven's first law," it is said; and it is one of earth's most important conditions of success.

Simmons says, "Have a time and place for every-

thing, and do everything in its time and place, and you will not only accomplish more, but have far more leisure than those who are always hurrying as if in vain attempting to overtake time that has been lost."

The author was a whole month in the family of the builder of the Illinois Central Railroad and the break-water at Chicago. These works were in progress at the time, and the contractor had from six to seven hundred men in charge. Outside of these works, he had many calls; for he was a public man. He was a leader in his own religious society, and a public counsellor in the growing interests of Chicago.

We noticed that he had time for every meeting and for conference with every committee, notwithstanding the large drafts of business upon each day. "How is it," we inquired, "that you find time for all these outside engagements, when your contracts are large enough to task any man to the utmost?"

"System! system!" he answered. "My plans are laid for each day and hour, and I have a place for this, that, and the other committees by making a place for them. The same is true of church meetings and prayer meetings; I am able to attend because it is a part of my plan."

"I see; your explanation makes it all plain," we responded, catching a new glimpse of the value of systematic labor. My friend continued:—

"My mind would be confused and my business in a chaotic state without this system. Many business men make shipwreck of their affairs for the want of

method like this. I deem it to be as essential as brains, or industry, or any other indispensable quality."

Everything about his business, home, and public duties moved like clock-work. On pay-day, his six or seven hundred employees filed into the office and out again as promptly and quietly as a regiment of well-drilled soldiers — no bustle, crowding, or hurrying, but each one in his place biding his time. Such order was truly fascinating.

John Wesley was one of the most remarkable achievers of his day. He seemed to be travelling most of his time, preaching most of his time, and writing books most of his time. Many literary men thought him a marvel of industry, and wondered how he could do so much and do it so well. At seventy, he completed his thirty-second octavo volume in authorship.

But Wesley claimed that it was all easy enough with method, although it was often necessary to make short calls, short sermons, and even short prayers. But he held that in brevity there was more real enjoyment and far greater power.

Johnson said of him, "Wesley's conversation is good, but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk, as I do."

A quaint old English divine, by the name of Fuller, was renowned for his orderly management of affairs. He said once, "Marshal thy notions into a handsome

method. One will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles than when it lies untowardly flapping and hanging about his shoulders."

"But I have nothing to systematize now," says a youth; "ten or twenty years from now I will talk about order." Many young people have this delusive idea, flattering themselves that in manhood and womanhood will be the time to attend to this matter. They forget that it is with the habit of being methodical as it is with any other habit, the sooner it is formed the better; unless it be substantially formed in early life, it never will be formed.

"Nothing to be orderly about!" Look into that home where one of the girls who has nothing to systematize dwells. Her hat and shawl are thrown over a chair or upon the dining-table when she comes in; the newspaper or magazine is dropped upon the floor, and the book placed bottom side up in the bookcase; even the book she borrowed is tumbled about the room, not a little worse for the wear, and her poor weary mother despairs of adjusting things about the house as fast as the disorderly daughter puts them out of place.

Her lodging-room is confusion worse confounded. Chairs, dresses, hats, soiled collars and handkerchiefs, brush, comb, jewelry, and what not, all scattered about in wild disorder. Instead of a place for everything, there is a place for nothing; and each article seems lost in a wilderness of disorder.

In the schoolroom, her desk is a sight to behold. Books, papers, slate pencils, and whatever else be-

longs to school life, are dumped into it in chaotic mass. Her dress, too, is not always neatly arranged, nor her hair properly combed, appearing sometimes as if she had been out in a gale, her hair and dress are in such confusion.

And the same is true of the boy who thinks he has nothing to be methodical about. He has a slipshod way of doing things, without consulting time and place; no place for his hat, shoes, slippers, rubbers, coat, or even his schoolbooks. Sometimes they are found in one place, sometimes in another, so that he goes a-hunting for them when they are wanted. Nothing turns on its orbit in his little world. Nothing appears to have any orbit. Everything is helter-skelter because he has no plan of doing.

Never say "we have nothing to systematize"; for everything belonging to early life should be subject to method. The sooner a habit of being methodical is established, the more manifest it will appear in adult years. The men and women who were careless, disorderly, and slovenly in their boyhood and girlhood can be spotted in their homes now. On the other hand, the neat, tidy, systematic, enterprising men and women, as a class, are those who formed their excellent habits when boys and girls.

The highest authority in the world declares, "To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven."

L.

PRINCIPLE AND POSITION.

PRINCIPLE always commands respect. He who has enough of it will command a high position, whatever may be his calling. "If there were no honesty it would be invented as a means of getting wealth," said Mirabeau. A greater than him declares, "He that walketh uprightly walketh surely; but he that perverteth his ways shall be known."

Many people think that their lowly occupations hinder their progress upwards; but it is a false idea. True principle will exalt any necessary employment, however humble it is. A man may live so far below the standard that he ought to attain that his neighbors will see only his occupation. "He is a *porter* for Smith & Co.," or of another, "He is a *drummer* for a Boston house," they will say, as if he were not of much account. On the other hand, he may live so nobly, putting the highest moral principle into his life, that observers will not see his occupation. A street "scavenger" may live nobly enough to win a high position in social life. His humble occupation may even become a stepping-stone to great influence, and renown.

Look at facts. People say, why, President Garfield was a mule-driver on the canal at sixteen; that Lincoln was a rail-splitter at twenty-one; General Grant, a tanner-boy; Roger Sherman, a shoemaker; Hugh Miller, a stonemason; Stephenson, an engine-driver; Newton, a farmer boy; Franklin, a printer

boy ; Burritt, a blacksmith ; and thus on to the end. No one ever thinks of sneering at the memory of these men because of their humble employments in early life. Indeed, their occupations are lost sight of in the high respect for their careers. It is even counted an honor, as it really is, that they rose from such lowly conditions to posts of honor and world-wide distinction.

The late Daniel Drew, of New York City, was the son of a farmer in straitened circumstances. He worked on the farm until he was fifteen years of age, when his father died, leaving him penniless, but with three sterling virtues wrought into his very being, frugality, industry, and Christian principle. "There is not a lazy bone in his body," said a neighbor, "and he knows the worth of a dollar."

"Better than that," responded the neighbor's wife, "he has principle ; he would die before he would do wrong."

For five years after his father died he drove cattle to New York City ; and he dignified the business. He won the confidence of all who knew him ; and, for that reason, no one stopped to think or say that he was a "cattle-driver." At the end of five years he was a respected cattle-dealer, and more than one man wanted him for a partner. In five years more he became interested in steamboats with Vanderbilt and George Law, and was accounted one of the most efficient and trustworthy business men of the metropolis. He became a great banker, and railroad magnate, also ; rich, honest, and public

spirited. His word was as good as his note. Twice in two years, he was called upon to indorse acceptances of the Erie Railroad to the amount of ONE AND A HALF MILLION DOLLARS, and his indorsement alone gave them currency.

Why? Not alone because he was wealthy, but more because he was a man of principle, was his name so honored. His principle had been tested in the vicissitudes of business, and the public knew that he was worthy of high position. A notable and grand figure in a great, naughty city!

Behold him standing up as a tower of strength in a great financial crisis, when God appears to shake the foundations of traffic as he did the walls of Jericho, with hosts of panic-stricken merchants flocking around him, as if he were some commissioned deliverer just dropping from the skies! Hear him pledge his sacred honor, or write his name, for the satisfaction and blessing of those whose fortunes are in peril; and at once the distracted community becomes calm! It is the grandeur of *principle*, nurtured to its climax of strength and glory.

Henry Clay said, "I would rather be right than be President." The highest office is a poor exchange for principle. When Sidney, the immortal English patriot, was told that he could save his life by denying his own handwriting, he replied, "When God has brought me into a dilemma, in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, He gives me a clear indication of duty, which is, to prefer death to falsehood."

When Constantine became emperor, there were some Christians in office. Desiring to learn who of them would be true, he issued an edict requiring them to renounce their religion. As he expected, the unreliable ones basely denied their Master, and he at once dismissed them, saying, "Those of you who will desert or deny your Divine Master will desert me, and are not worthy of my confidence." With Constantine, principle and position were identical.

LI.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

It requires more courage in the average youth to do right than to do wrong. Strange as it may seem, it is easier for both young and old to do the latter than the former. Hence it is that he or she who dares to do right at all times and in all places stands forth prominently among the crowd. Only here and there one of this class is to be seen, and these few win golden opinions.

This virtue is indispensable to a really successful career. There are so many opinions among men on both secular and moral questions, and so much opposition, even to the noblest action, that one must do and dare in order to be true to God and man.

The enemies of God sought to remove Daniel out of their way. They believed in false gods, and not in the great God whom Daniel worshipped. But there were obstacles in their way; Daniel was in the Babylonian court, and had the confidence of King Darius.

So they must outwit Darius to accomplish their purpose, and they resorted to the following ruse: —

They proposed to him to issue a “royal statute that whosoever shall ask a petition of any God or man for thirty days, save of thee, O King, he shall be cast into the den of lions.” They knew that Daniel would dare to defy the king’s decree, and worship the true God, and thus his death would be sure. The king yielded to the request, and the decree was issued.

But Daniel did not mind the decree. It was right that he should worship God, and so he continued to pray “three times a day.” Now, their opportunity to put Daniel out of the way had come, and they insisted that Darius should order him thrown into the den of lions. The result you know. Daniel did not shrink from the terrible ordeal. He dared to obey his conscience whether in or out of the den of lions. He came forth from the perilous situation, “and no manner of hurt was found upon him.”

When our forefathers declared themselves to be a free and independent nation, they knew that the brave step exposed them to death. The signers of the Declaration, which has won the admiration of the world, understood that if the Declaration were not maintained, each one of them would be hung for treason. But they believed fully in the right of independence and stood firm and steadfast, resolved to have liberty or die. We have a republic large and prosperous to-day because they dared to do right.

A few years ago a farmer’s son entered a New

England college. He had no money, so that he was obliged to work in order to pay his way. He was an expert wood sawyer, and he could pay his bills by hard labor at that business. If students in the college could not furnish him with wood enough to saw, he could obtain work about the town. "But students will make fun of you," suggested friends. "That will do me no injury," he replied. "Perhaps the faculty will think less of you for engaging in such menial employment," remarked another. "I will compel them to think well of me by the highest scholarship," he answered grandly.

The author often saw him at his work. He dared all ridicule, and his sterling character shone brighter and brighter. Those who were inclined to make fun of his employment fell far behind him in the race for knowledge, so that they were forced to defer to his scholarship and worth in the end. Brave, aspiring, invincible young man!

"Dare forsake what you deem wrong;
Dare to walk in wisdom's way;
Dare to give where gifts belong;
Dare God's precepts to obey.

"Do what conscience says is right;
Do what reason says is best;
Do with all your mind and might;
Do your duty and be blest."

There is both truth and inspiration in the following well-known poem, by Faber.

LII.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

OH, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battlefield of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart !

He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God ;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad ;

Or He deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost ;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.

Oh, there is less to try our faith,
In our mysterious creed,
Than in the godless look of earth
In these our hours of need.

Ill masters good ; good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease ;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

The church, the sacraments, the faith
Their up-hill journey take ;
Lose here what there they gain, and, if
We lean upon them, break.

It is not so, but so it looks ;
And we lose courage then ;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

Ah ! God is other than we think ;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways
Love's lifelong study are ;
She can be bold, and guess, and act,
When reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own ;
Her step is firm and free,
Yet there is cautious science, too,
In her simplicity.

Workman of God ! Oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like ;
And in the darkest battlefield
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Oh, bless'd is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible !

And bless'd is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye !

Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men !
Oh, learn to lose with God !
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

As He can endless glory weave
From time's misjudging shame,
In His own world He is content
To play a losing game.

Muse on His justice, downcast soul !
Muse and take better heart ;
Back with thine angel to the field ;
Good luck shall crown thy part !

God's justice is a bed where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God ;
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

LIII.

THE JEWEL OF MODESTY.

THE conceited, self-important man will defeat his own purpose. He may be talented, industrious, and

enterprising, but he cannot win the esteem and confidence of the public. A sort of pride that is disagreeable to the best people characterizes his spirit and methods. What good qualities he may possess lose part of their lustre because of his assumption and self-confidence.

On the other hand, modesty always wins. No one distrusts or undervalues it. Even the conceited, arrogant person admires modesty in another. It is becoming even where great talents and honors exist. "Modesty is to merit as shades to figures in a picture, giving it strength and beauty."

Boys and girls who possess this quality are neither rude nor coarse. Modesty is not found in company with such defects. It attracts to itself the virtues, and not the vices, and it is as ornamental as it is useful.

Issac Newton was the great philosopher of his time, although he did not appear to realize it. Great ability is always modest. The greatest men and women, almost without exception, are never puffed up. This was eminently true of Newton. "I can scarcely tell whether I admire him more for his modesty than I do for his work," said a distinguished admirer. He never courted praise, and never appeared to enjoy it. When he had completed his career, and was awaiting death, he said that it seemed to him he had been gathering pebbles on the seashore all his life while the great ocean of undiscovered truth was rolling at his feet.

By modesty we do not mean thinking meanly of

one's self. This virtue is consistent with a just estimate of one's ability and character. A modest man, like Newton, General Grant, or President Lincoln, does not undervalue his own talents or his position in public life. He is simply an illustration of the Apostle's idea of modesty, "not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think."

Young people understand it. They know the modest girl or boy, in school or out. They admire the quality. The rude, conceited companion, full of self-esteem, is not a favorite with them. No matter how smart, gifted, or highly connected in life the self-confident associate is, he or she is no favorite. Without modesty, the brightest is not a popular guest.

Some years ago there was an accomplished young lady in England, by the name of Frances Burney, daughter of a professor of musical instruction in an English seminary. She was conspicuous for her talents and high literary excellence. She wrote that far-famed book called "Evelina" and sent it to the press without the knowledge of her father. Her modesty was as conspicuous as her talents, and she shrank from notoriety.

When the book appeared, the literary world was thrown into great excitement. Every reader pronounced it a wonderful work. Who could be the author? Such men as Edmund Burke, and Johnson, Reynolds, and many others, were admirers of the book, and they inquired, who is the author?

Finally the author's father, Mr. Burney, purchased

a copy, and proposed to read it aloud to his family. Of course all the members of the household assented, including Frances. Her feelings can be imagined



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

better than described as the reading progressed and enthusiastic expressions of delight came from different ones. When Mr. Burney finished the reading, he proceeded to extol the remarkable character of the book, scarcely finding language to express his admiration. Frances listened as composedly as possible, but, at length, burst into tears, and, throwing her arms about her father's neck, said, "Dear father, I wrote the book."

The revelation filled the hearts of all with surprise and joy. Once in a lifetime can such a scene occur. But the sudden fame which the disclosure brought to the youthful author did not eclipse her modesty. On hearing the news, such men even as Burke, Johnson, and many others of equal repute hastened to congratulate Frances, who found herself unexpectedly the observed of all observers. And yet her modesty continued to be as charming as ever; and admirers were in doubt whether it was her modesty or her "Evelina" that most captivated their hearts.

Perhaps some will say that this virtue is a feminine adornment especially,—better suited to girls than boys. True, it is "the beauty of female character," as another has said; but it is equally indispensable to the other sex. The opposite quality is not only inimical to true manliness, but it is a positive obstacle to success. A conceited boy is as repulsive as a conceited girl. The modest boy and the modest girl—each has a place at the front; who can tell which is the more attractive in that place?

It is told of Princess Charlotte, whose modesty

was not overshadowed by her literary accomplishments, that her old nurse, an aged female, was sick, and the princess, in turn, nursed her with the utmost devotion. When she died the princess was well-nigh inconsolable ; thereupon a friend suggested, "If your royal highness would condescend to touch her, perhaps you would feel better." "Touch her!" answered the princess, "yes, poor thing! and kiss her, too; about the only one I ever kissed except my good mother!" Then, leaning over the coffin, she pressed her lips to the cold and lifeless cheek.

Her modesty dwelt with simplicity, affection, gratitude, and fidelity. Hence, her true womanliness.

The poet Whittier was a very modest man. On being congratulated upon his fame by a friend, he replied, "I have shared in the good opinion of my fellowmen to a greater extent than I deserve. It is pleasant, of course, to be thought well of, but it greatly modifies matters to reflect that the meed of praise is far greater than I merit. However, I feel grateful to God that He has given me so many kind friends."

"Every one that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."
"Before honor is humility."

LIV.

"THROUGH THICK AND THIN."

WHEN John Foster started out to recover a wasted fortune, a friend remarked, "He will go

through thick and thin to accomplish his object." The friend knew how determined he was, and that he would press forward through the greatest difficulties for the prize; and this was what he meant by going "through thick and thin." Having once put his hand to the plow, he would never look back.

He accepted and reduced to practice the poet's motto,

"There's no such word as *fail*."

This is an indispensable quality in a world like ours. There are so many obstacles to be overcome, so much competition to be met, and so much expected of achievers now that this virtue is found in the front rank. The times require it, and men respect it. Observers predict good things of it in the future, if it be coupled with moral principle.

When the celebrated William Corbett was a boy, he obtained the consent of his father to become a sailor. So he proceeded to a neighboring seaport for a "chance," but found none. He pressed on to another seaport, but was no more fortunate; and now his money was nearly exhausted; but he was not discouraged. He resolved to visit a third seaport. On the way, he met a gentleman in the coach, who advised him to return to his father. The boy's reply was, "No! come what will, I shall not return to be laughed at for being a faint-hearted fool. I left home to try a sea-faring life, and I shall try it." The real grit of the boy pleased the gentleman so much that he persuaded him to accept the position of copying clerk temporarily. In this way he tided

him over a perilous crisis ; and, finally, William Corbett became one of the best scholars and most remarkable men of his time.

This is a capital quality for the schoolroom. It will not cower before "difficult problems," "hard lessons," or even "long lessons." These are the "lions in the way" to many pupils, and they shrink from an encounter. They come up squarely to a "hard lesson," and there stop. Their hearts fail them in the outset. They give up beaten without trying to conquer ; and that is the height of folly. Poor, weak, irresolute souls, that falter for the want of that timely, useful quality that knows no such word as fail.

But for men and women who will go "through thick and thin" to carry their purpose, our country would not have been much of a country to-day. There would have been no steamers on its rivers and lakes, no network of railways over its vast domain, no telegraph to its remotest hamlet, no Atlantic cable, and none of those great enterprises that have developed our resources and made the nation what it is. The indomitable spirit of the Fultons, Ames, Morses, and Fields have supplemented all the other indispensable agencies to achieve wonders.

Cyrus W. Field was a poor boy in A. T. Stewart's store, New York, at fifteen years of age, a thoughtful, steady, bright, ambitious lad. His friends selected this place because he would be drilled in accuracy, punctuality, and uprightness ; and, for the same reason, he preferred it. In six years he

went into business for himself; and in thirteen years more he was a rich man. He met with many obstacles, but he surmounted them. Difficulties that would dishearten others had no effect upon him, except to rally his powers to greater efforts. He looked at an obstacle as something to be overcome, and not as a “lion” or bugbear. In this way his purpose became invincible; and this proved to be just the preparation he needed for the most remarkable achievement of his life,—laying of the Atlantic cable.

When Mr. Field first made public his scheme to lay a telegraphic cable under the Atlantic Ocean, he was laughed at by many people. It seemed to them a visionary project, scarcely worth a moment’s attention. But laughter and ridicule did not scare or discourage him. He saw by faith the signal blessing of an Atlantic cable to the world a few years ahead; and he resolved to convert the idea into a fact. It was a Herculean task, but all his energies were bent to accomplish it.

At length he succeeded in organizing a syndicate among his friends, that the millions the cable would cost might be provided. The stupendous work was undertaken, the cable was manufactured, and all the preparations consummated for laying the mammoth wire. The first attempt failed; the cable parted in mid-ocean. Again the trial of laying it was made; the second time the cable broke.

“It never can be done,” members of the syndicate said. “It is only wasting money,” some of his

nearest friends said to him privately. But he did not heed their counsel, for the idea of the cable had taken possession of him. Again the attempt was made to lay it, and again it parted far out in the sea. Now, opposition to further procedure by members of the syndicate became general. Only a single member of the company stood with Mr. Field in his determination to push the project to success.

On he went, and the fourth attempt to lay the cable was successful, and his wisdom and genius were vindicated before the world. "What hath God wrought?" was the first message telegraphed under the sea. All nations rejoiced in the glorious consummation of a work that seemed to so many impossible.

The enterprise would have proved a failure but for Mr. Field's determination to go "through thick and thin" to make it a success. Had he possessed no more of this element than most of his interested friends, the cable would have turned out a rope of sand. A short time before his death, Mr. Field wrote: —

"In looking back over those eventful years, I wonder how we had courage to carry it through in the face of so many defeats, and of almost universal unbelief. A hundred times I reproached myself for persisting in what seemed beyond the power of man. And again there came a feeling that, having begun, I could not then turn back; at any cost I must see it through."

George Borrow said, "A determination to conquer

all difficulties will invariably make a man of the veriest dolt."

LV.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

A LEGEND tells that an earthquake shook the city of Rome, so that "a large portion of the area of the Forum sunk down, and a vast chasm appeared there." A vain attempt was made to fill it up. No amount of skill or labor made the least impression upon it, and the citizens were filled with consternation. The haruspices, — diviners or soothsayers who interpreted the will of the gods, — declared that it never would close up until that upon which the greatness of Rome depended was thrown into it.

Then Marcus Curtius appeared upon the scene, saying that the greatness of the city depended upon a heroic man who loved his country better than himself; and he offered to become the victim, and be cast into the terrible abyss. Arraying himself in complete armor, and mounting his famous war-horse, he galloped into the deep chasm, and it immediately closed, and the Forum assumed its usual aspect. The people honored the memory of Curtius as their deliverer; for he illustrated their Latin proverb, the translation of which is, "It is sweet to die for one's country."

In our day we call such a man a PATRIOT, because he is not only devoted to the welfare of his country, but will die for it if necessary. The spirit that glows in his soul we call PATRIOTISM. Since our

forefathers declared for American independence, tens, and even hundreds of thousands of patriots have died for their country. So that, while the exploit of Curtius is a myth, true patriotism is real, as multitudes of men have borne witness by giving their lives for the land they love.

The beautiful practice of unfurling the American flag over school buildings is designed to cultivate patriotism in the hearts of pupils. The stars and stripes stand for all that is good in our republic. To defend the flag is to defend the country. To love the flag is to love our country. As often as the young behold it they recall what it means and they know that the young of no nation have so much reason to love their country as the young people of ours. For no nation provides for the young such liberty, schools, homes, opportunities, peace, order, and religious blessings as the United States. Emerson said, "America is another name for opportunity."

The chief reason for unfurling our national flag over schoolhouses was the fear that the girls and boys of our time would not love their country as they ought. They are so far removed from the scenes in which patriotism gave existence and character to our nation that they might lose sight of these early struggles and sacrifices, and fail to appreciate their native land. In the infancy of our country, of course, no such danger existed; nor, indeed, for several decades following. But at this distance the danger is manifest.

Boys were very patriotic a century and more ago; many of them, fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen years of age, were in the Revolutionary Army. Andrew Jackson was but nine years old when independence was declared. And yet, at thirteen years of age, he was a soldier in the army, defending the coast of his native State, North Carolina. He was a bright, enterprising, courageous boy, full of enthusiasm and the spirit of seventy-six. His country was not much of a country then, as compared with what it is now, but he loved it, and would have died for it as his eldest brother did.

Young Jackson decided at the close of the Revolution to become a lawyer. He studied and entered the profession for which his marked talents fitted him. But he was ever studying to promote his country's welfare. In consequence, he became a great statesman, fearless for the right, and finally, President of the United States. After his death in 1855, Daniel Webster said, "Let us cherish the feeling that, whatever he accomplished for the real good of his country, its true character and real glory may remain a just inheritance attached to his memory."

The love of God's ancient people for Jerusalem was the highest type of patriotism. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem to my chief joy."

In the late Civil War, several hundred thousand loyal men sacrificed their lives for the Union. They

went forth to conflict at their country's call, knowing full well that they might fall in the service ; but they voluntarily accepted the situation with all its perils. Their love of country exceeded their love of life. There was a fascination about the old flag, with its stars and stripes, that inspired them to heroic deeds. In Drake's spirited poem upon "The American Flag," we find embodied the patriotic sentiment that was the secret of their valor.

LVI.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there ;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light ;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud !
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven —

Child of the sun ! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory !

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high.
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn ;
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;
When Death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,

And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

LVII.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

It is doubtful if a boy who was cruel to dumb animals ever became a true man. If the "boy is father to the man," there is no reason why unkindness to animals in boyhood should not appear in a hard, cruel disposition in mature years; and such a man is by no means successful. Two facts tell a plain story at this point.

The teacher of a large school in England taught his pupils, for many years, to be kind to animals. After seven thousand scholars had gone out from the school to enter upon the business of life, he instituted a careful investigation, and found that not one of all the number had been charged with a criminal offence.

He said that instruction on this line "had the best influence on their lives and characters." He found them "not only more kind to animals, but more gentle and affectionate toward each other."

The other fact is that inquiries were made of two thousand criminals in American prisons, and it was found that only twelve of the whole number had any sort of a pet animal in early life. The inference was that kindness, such as is cultivated by attention to pet animals, was not nurtured in youth, and so they were more exposed to the temptations to criminal life.

When the late President Lincoln was sixteen years old, and lived in the backwoods of Indiana, he was known for his kindness to animals. One day he was standing upon a stump, reciting a declamation for the amusement of his companions, when a boy threw a terrapin against a tree violently, crushing its shell, and causing the animal to writhe in agony. Immediately, "Abe," as young Lincoln was called, glanced from the subject on which he was declaiming, and denounced the cowardly act as "inhuman," causing the boy who perpetrated the cruelty to hang his head for very shame.

At another time, several boys were putting coals of fire on a terrapin's back. "Don't be so cruel," exclaimed "Abe," interposing. "How would you like to have burning coals put on your own backs?"

"Try it, and see," shouted one in a tone that was neither fun nor defiance.

"Well, it is cruel, and *mean*, too," responded Abraham.

"Why, Abe, it is only a terrapin," interjected a boy.

"What of that? Don't terrapins have feelings?" replied our hero.

"I don't know whether they do or not," answered the first-named boy, at the same time adding another coal of fire to the animal's back.

"You shall not do it, Nat, unless you are stronger than I am," exclaimed Abraham, knocking the last coal from the animal's back and pushing the boy aside.

"You are a chicken-hearted fellow as ever lived, Abe. I should think the terrapin belonged to your family," was Nat's reply.

"Whether he does or not, you won't burn him any more while I am around," added Abraham, who was roused.

"That is it," cried Dave Turnham. "I go in for 'Abe'; he wouldn't hurt a fly."

The connection between his kindness to animals in youth and his kindness to soldiers and all others when he was President of the United States is manifest. He was often moved to tears by the news from the front in the late Civil War. News from the Battles of the Wilderness told of heavy loss.

"My God! my God!" President Lincoln exclaimed. "Twenty thousand poor souls sent to their account in one day! I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it!" And then he paced the room, saying to himself, "I shall never more be glad! I shall never more be glad!"

A prominent general besought him to be more severe in his treatment of deserters. "Mr. President," he said, "unless these men are made an example of, the army itself is in danger. Mercy to the few is cruelty to the many."

Rising from his seat and straightening up to his full height, Mr. Lincoln replied, "Mr. General, there are already too many weeping widows in the United States. For God's sake, do not ask me to add to the number, for *I will not do it.*"

Kindness begets kindness, whether bestowed upon brutes or humans. The late Hon. George N. Briggs, who was Governor of Massachusetts seven years, was an object of affection to all the dumb animals on his place,—horses, cows, dogs, chickens, and doves. His appearance in the barnyard was the signal for rejoicing with all domestic animals. The chickens would rush into his presence, some of them flying to his shoulders and roosting upon his outstretched arms, while the doves would come from their cotes, alighting upon his head and occupying every available place upon his body. It was a rare spectacle, and it would be repeated much oftener if more tenderness to animals were displayed.

Cruelty to animals is a crime. God treats it as such, and His rebuke of the sin is recorded in the book of Numbers. Balaam became angry with his ass, and beat her at three different times unmercifully. The "angel of the Lord" witnessed the outrage, and "opened the mouth of the ass, and she said unto Balaam, What have I done unto thee, that

thou hast smitten me these three times? Am not I thine ass, upon whom thou hast ridden ever since I was thine unto this day? Was I ever wont to do so unto thee?"

It was something new in Balaam's experience to be rebuked by an ass. No wonder that he was ashamed of himself, and repented of his rash deed. God took an unusual way to express His disapprobation of such unkindness; and this method was chosen because it would show His disapprobation in the most emphatic way.

The late Theodore Parker told the following interesting story of his childhood:—

"I saw a little spotted turtle sunning himself in the shallow water. I lifted the stick in my hand to kill the harmless reptile; for, though I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen other boys, out of sport, destroy birds, squirrels, and the like, and I had a disposition to follow their wicked example; but all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud, 'It is wrong.' I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion, till the turtle had vanished from sight.

"I hastened home and told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was that told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye with her apron, and, taking me in her arms, said: '*Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man.* If you listen and obey, it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade

out little by little, and leave you all in the dark without a guide. *Your life depends, my boy, on heeding that little voice.'*” “The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.”

LVIII.

LUCK — A MYTH.

THE phrases “good luck” and “a lucky fellow” have deceived a great many persons, old and young. They were led to think that some valuable experience or possession would come to them without any effort on their part. They had only to wait for the river to run by. “A lucky hit,” “a lucky venture,” or some other “lucky” impossibility deluded them, and took the snap out of their lives. The direct tendency of such an idea is to smother aspiration and beget shiftlessness. For no one can create luck; it is mere chance, at best, that must exist without human plan or work.

Nothing could be more absurd. If luck brings the fortune, why do industrious, hard-thinking, and hard-working men only become rich? Once in awhile, at least, luck ought to make the lazy man a millionaire. If luck is not a myth, then occasionally a man without ability, character, ambition, or aim ought to become senator or president. Dr. Franklin said, “Diligence is the mother of good luck.” Is idleness ever the mother of what people call good luck? But why not, if luck is real? Is it idleness that possesses the well-filled pocketbook, or is it diligence?

Strange things would come to pass, were there any such thing as luck. Vice would sometimes be rewarded and virtue punished; laziness would occupy the seat of honor, and industry be disgraced; honesty would be incarcerated, and theft rewarded; the tee-totaler be excluded from good society, and the drunkard introduced; the good scholar hissed, and the poor one promoted; the aspiring, noble youth treated with contempt, and the grovelling, worthless dude crowned with honor. In short, there would be a general overturn of affairs, so mixed that wrong would be found in the place of right.

If luck instead of law ruled in the universe, the sun might not rise to-morrow, or, if it did, no wise man could tell at what time it would appear. The seasons might change places, and the planets in their orbits crash against each other. For where there is only chance, there can be no law, and where there is no law there can be no order.

Rufus Choate was once conversing with a friend about a recent event, when the friend called it an "accident"; to which Mr. Choate replied, "Nonsense! You might as well drop the Greek alphabet on the ground and expect to pick up the Iliad."

"Bad luck" is a very common phrase with old and young, and as erroneous as it is common. You see a man with his hat knocked in, a black eye, seedy and dirty apparel, wrecked by strong drink, and he complains bitterly of "bad luck." The sluggard is another victim of misfortune, so he thinks; and his complaints are bitter against ill luck, that

owes him a spite. "The sluggard will not plow by reason of the cold; therefore shall he beg in harvest, and have nothing." He does not consult this high authority, and so is blind to the real cause of his poverty. It is because he is shiftless, and not because he is unlucky.

Addison wrote, "I never knew an early rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings and strictly honest, who complained of 'bad luck.' A good character, good habits, and an iron industry are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of."

Poor luck never crosses the threshold of the honest toiler. "Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before kings,"—a prosperous, thrifty, and honored man. No luck in his career; he has worked his way up to renown by his best efforts. And he never thinks of ascribing his good deeds or success to luck. No man ever did that. But why not? If luck be a real part of life, why should not successful things sometimes be born of it?

There is no such thing as luck. It is a myth. Both reason and revelation declare it to be a sham. Therefore, it should be relegated at once to oblivion. For a myth is useless, and can help nobody. The sooner it is discarded the better for one's life. Substitute *labor* for *luck*, and then strike out for the best.

LIX.

VALUE OF CHARACTER.

No person can accomplish much without spotless character. He may possess ability, tact, and enterprise, and these may secure him a certain standing in social life, but he must have an unblemished character to enjoy the highest success. Intellect is a treasure, but character is greater than intellect, as the heart is greater than the head. Heart qualities decide what character shall be. George Herbert said, "A handful of good life is worth a bushel of learning." Boys and girls go to school to learn, but if learning is all they get the end is failure. For the common duties of life depend more upon genuine excellence for fulfilment than anything else.

Dr. Hawes wrote, "Character is like stock in trade; the more of it a man possesses the greater his facilities for making additions to it. Character is power — is influence; it makes friends, creates funds, draws patronage and support, and opens a sure and easy way to wealth, honor, and happiness."

Solomon said, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."

A lad by the name of Robert Morrison was picked up in the streets of an English city and taken into a Sabbath school, after the superintendent had cleaned and clothed him. He was wild, ignorant, and rude as an Arab. Within three weeks after becoming a member of the school he was missing. His teacher,

an earnest, energetic, Christian woman, searched for him in the slums of the city, and found him in a sorry plight. He had traded his new suit of clothes for an old one, filthy and ragged, in order to get a little money by the barter. The superintendent gave him another suit on his promise of constantly attending school.

This time he remained in school somewhat longer, but finally was missing again, and was found in the same condition, having sold his new suit for an old one. Again he was reclothed, and again he ran away, but was found by his faithful teacher, and restored to the school.

Now, his teacher managed to reach his heart. She had only reached his head before. He began to realize what character is, and responded to tender appeals. Finally, he was awakened to a new life, and aspired to possess an upright and spotless character. Soon he became a Christian, and he made a very earnest and faithful one.

Next, he resolved to become a minister. He devoted every spare moment to reading and study. He proved to be talented, quick to learn, and equal to almost any task. His advance was rapid, his culture thorough, and his intellectual achievements phenomenal. Suffice to say, he became the celebrated Dr. Robert Morrison, whose missionary labors in China are known the world over. Between the poor, ragged, dirty, runaway street Arab and the renowned missionary and doctor of divinity there were many and mighty struggles; but under his

tattered jacket were the qualities that assured victory. As soon as he saw the beauty and worth of character he began to be a man.

We are in duty bound to make character for ourselves. It is not optional with us to have it or not as we please. It is not our duty to accumulate a fortune, or become governor or president ; but it is our bounden duty to possess unsullied character, and it is within the ability of all to possess it. All cannot be rich, or influential, or learned, but all can possess the highest virtue.

A lady entered a store, looked at some goods, and walked out without purchasing. " Why did not that lady take the goods ? " inquired the proprietor of the clerk.

" Because, sir, she wanted Middlesex cloths," the clerk answered.

" And why did you not show her the next pile and call them Middlesex ? "

" Because, sir, I knew they were not Middlesex."

" Young man," continued the merchant, " if you are so particular, and can't bend a little to circumstances, you will never do for me."

" Very well, sir," added the clerk ; " my character is worth more than any position you can offer me. If I must sacrifice it to keep my place, my decision is prompt. Good-bye."

Such character always succeeds ; and this young man did. He became one of the most honored citizens in a Western city, and died a millionaire, leaving tens of thousands of dollars to bless the needy.

Character itself is success, if pure. It is builded as the insect builds the coral reef, little by little. Every day adds something to it. Every deed is a nail or brick. When complete, it is the possessor's very self.

“ We are building every day,
In a good or evil way;
And the structure, as it grows,
Will our inmost self disclose.

Build it well, whate'er you do;
Build it straight, and strong, and true;
Build it clean, and high, and broad;
Build it for the eye of God.”

LX.

THE NEED OF PLUCK.

THERE is an ancient fable about a mouse that lived in the house of a magician, where a cat dwelt also. The mouse was in such constant fear of the cat that the magician, with compassionate heart, turned the little creature into a cat. Then it was in equal fear of a dog that roamed over the premises. So the magician converted it into a dog, when, to his surprise, it began to live in mortal dread of a tiger. Still moved to pity, the magician turned it into a tiger, whereupon a sportsman, killing any sort of an animal he could find in a neighboring forest, alarmed it beyond measure. At this the magician lost all compassion for it, and exclaimed, “Be a mouse again. As you have only the heart of a mouse, it is impossible to help you by giving you the body of a nobler

animal." And it returned to mouse life, living in fear of the cat.

The mouse needed pluck more than anything else. It did no good to give it the form and strength of a cat, dog, or tiger, with the heart of a mouse. It must have the heart of a tiger in order to be a tiger. There is only one place for a mouse's heart; it is in the body of a mouse.

Some boys and girls have the mouse's heart; that is, without pluck. They fear a difficult problem in arithmetic, and a hard lesson in anything. It is a bulldog or tiger in their way. Instead of attacking it with spirit and determination, they try to escape it. Perhaps it is a piece of work on the farm or about the house, and they flinch and delay, and never prosper. They need resolution, hope, and the resolve to do. "*Woe unto him that is faint hearted,*" said the son of Sirach; he has the heart of a mouse, and his failure is certain.

Buxton, the great English philanthropist, was very different from that in his boyhood. One day he was sent to overtake a drover who had passed to deliver a message to him. He did not overtake him until he had travelled three or four miles, and he lost one shoe in the mud on his way without losing his determination to accomplish his errand. "A plucky fellow," said an admiring neighbor. His soul was in his errand, and nowhere else. So, in his manhood, he started out to overthrow slavery, and, nothing daunted by opposition and reproach, he never ceased to attack its horrors until British emancipation was proclaimed.

Jonathan Edwards said, "I will live with all my might while I do live"; and the great amount of labor he performed proved that he meant what he said. Nathaniel Bowditch said, "Never undertake a thing but with the feeling that you can and will do it. With that feeling, success is certain, and, without it, failure is unavoidable." A greater than Edwards and Bowditch said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy *heart*, with all thy *soul*, and with all thy *might*." No one could possibly do more and better than that. It is the spirit God would have us put into all our work—nothing shiftless or half hearted.

Many people plod along year after year, snail-like, neither idle nor negligent, but yet without force enough to get on in the world. Others are really shiftless, perhaps meaning well enough, but always lagging behind, and always poor and needy. Their hearts are not in their work—they do it because of stern necessity. They are content to just escape starvation. God rebukes this lifeless, disgraceful way of living when He commands, "With all thy *heart*, with all thy *soul*, and with all thy *might*." It is a dauntless spirit that God directs us to put into our life-work, and men call it pluck.

Napoleon possessed a cluster of heroic virtues, and these made him great in civic and military life. But his prompt decision, allied to courage and irrepressible ambition, caused him to discard the word "impossible" as "the adjective of fools." He was planning a campaign, when a member of his staff

said, "The Alps are in your way." "Then there shall be no Alps," Napoleon promptly replied. And he proceeded at once to build the road across the Simplon. Nothing is impossible to such determina-



NAPOLÉON CROSSING THE ALPS.

tion. Difficulties simply test its promptness and power. If the sword is too short, it adds a step to it. If the way is more and more hedged, more will be evoked. Great resolution can make a road over the Alps as easily as ordinary pluck can fling up a common highway.

LXI.

SAXON GRIT.

WORN by the battle by Stamford town,
Fighting the Norman by Hastings Bay,
Harold, the Saxon's sun, went down
When the acorns were falling one autumn day.
Then the Norman said: "I am lord of the land,
By tenure of conquest here I sit;
I will rule you now with the iron hand;"
But he had not thought of the Saxon grit.

He took the land, and he took the men,
And burnt the homesteads from Trent to Tyne;
Made the freemen serfs by a stroke of the pen;
Ate up the corn and drank the wine.
From the Saxon heart rose a mighty roar,
Our life shall not be by the king's permit,—
We will fight for the right; we want no more.
Then the Norman found out the Saxon grit.

For slow and sure, as the oaks had grown
From the acorns falling that autumn day,
So the Saxon manhood in thorpe and town
To a nobler nature grew alway.

Winning by inches, holding by clinches,
Standing by law and the human right ;
Many times failing, never once quailing,
So the new day came out of the night.

Then rising afar in the western sea
A new world stood in the morn of the day,
Ready to welcome the brave and free,
Who would wrench out the heart, and march away
From the narrow, contracted, dear old land,
Where the poor are held by a cruel bit,
To ampler spaces for heart and hand ;
And here was a chance for the Saxon grit.

Steadily steering, eagerly peering,
Trusting in God, your fathers came,
Pilgrims and strangers, fronting all dangers,
Cool-headed Saxons, with hearts aflame,
Bound by the letter, but free from the fetter,
And hiding their freedom in holy writ,
They gave Deuteronomy hints in economy,
And made a new Moses of Saxon grit.

Then slow and sure, as the oaks have grown
From the acorns that fell on the dim old day,
So this new manhood, in city and town,
To a nobler stature will grow alway.
Winning by inches, holding by clinches,
Slow to contention and slower to quit,
Now and then failing, but never once quailing,
Let us thank God for the Saxon grit.

LXII.

DOING GOOD.

No person can be truly successful who thinks of no one but himself. A benevolent spirit broadens human character wonderfully. Faith and hope lift it into a higher life, but charity is greater than these; and in a world like ours it is an indispensable virtue. A quaint writer says, "There is not much use in asking God to bless the whole world as long as we are not willing to stand our share of the expense."

Sir William Napier met a little girl in his walk toward Freshford one day, crying at the top of her voice over a broken bowl. She was but five years old, and had taken her father's dinner to him in the bowl, and was returning from the field when she dropped and broke it. "I shall be beaten for it when I get home," she said, and the tears rolled down her cheeks afresh. And then a happier thought arose, and she looked up imploringly, saying, "But you can mend it, can't you?"

The kind-hearted man replied, "No, my dear child, I cannot mend the bowl, but I can do better than that; I can give you a sixpence to buy another."

The child's surprise was manifest. Her sorrow was turned into joy in a twinkling. But on opening his purse Sir William found it empty of silver.

"But you shall have it, my little maid," he said, "I will meet you right here to-morrow, at this time

of day, and bring the sixpence to you. So, you can run home and tell your mother that you met a gentleman who will bring you the money to-morrow to buy another bowl."

On reaching home he found an invitation to meet some friends whom he desired to meet above all others, at a dinner-party, in Bath, on the next day. He could not meet the little girl and the friends in Bath, too, because he could not be in two places at the same time. So he pondered the matter, and finally decided to decline the invitation from Bath and meet the child on the street. "I cannot disappoint her, she trusted me so implicitly," he said.

Here was the true spirit of doing good. Kindness before pleasure was his rule. "Small affair," thoughtless observers might say; but, small or otherwise, it magnifies character remarkably before the world. The spirit that will sacrifice pleasure to relieve the sorrows of a child is noble and grand. It lifts manhood to a high plane of honor.

The philanthropic work of Miss D. L. Dix in the prisons and hospitals of our country is known everywhere. She spent her life in ameliorating the condition of prisoners in our land, influencing legislatures to erect buildings, adopt rules and regulations, and provide instructions with direct reference to the reformation of their criminal wards. In her labors she included relief for the insane, and was the originator of the lunatic asylum, that has proved so great a blessing to this class.

In the late Civil War, she had charge of hospital

nurses, instructing and training them for the service they must render to sick and wounded soldiers. And all this at her own expense! A wealthy friend left her quite a legacy in her early womanhood, and this she used freely and gladly in her benevolent work as long as she lived. She was a great success in womanly endeavor, her devotion to charity largely contributing to her force and symmetry of character.

We behold in the efforts of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to girt the world with their benevolence an illustration of our theme on a grand scale. They are organized in every country on the face of the earth. Their membership includes women, not only in civilized and Christianized nations, but also in the barbarous and savage. Their aim is not only to save men, women, and children from the curse of intemperance, but from every other vice and crime that destroys humanity; and, over and above all, to carry the Christian religion to sinful and wretched hearts and homes throughout the world, as the only true panacea for the ills that flesh is heir to.

But doing good is not limited to these public spheres. Opportunities crowd every day, everywhere. The sick and the afflicted, the poor and unfortunate, the erring and reckless, the infirm and tried are found in every hamlet; and their necessities appeal to the better feelings of every citizen. There is not a neighborhood, even the smallest, in which there is not flung wide open a door to some way of doing good. It may be only the cup of water

that can be furnished, but even that is in the way to success.

Girls and boys, even, cannot plead want of opportunity. To be kind, thoughtful of others, ready to assist companions, sympathetic, helpful — there is opportunity for this anywhere, any time; and there is no better part of life in which to begin this work of doing good than boyhood and girlhood.

LXIII.

HOW YOUTH INSPIRES AGE.

AGED people are often found musing on their childhood and youth. They love to recall the days of boyhood and girlhood, if they were days of obedience and fidelity. The recollection is not only a source of real enjoyment, but, more than that, it is actual inspiration, assuring a riper, richer old age.

It is worth the while for young persons to think of this now, and so live that youth shall prove a perennial spring of joy and help to age. It is not a difficult task, by any means; simply a heart resolved to do right, and a strong will to maintain the resolution.

To blot from age the memory of youth would be a calamity. No recollection of ever having been boys and girls! Its pleasures, trials, sports, and struggles without existence! This was true of Adam, who was created a full-grown man. Worse off than the "man without a country!" That is bad enough; but a

man without a boyhood is robbed of more than half of life. A great writer said, "The first twenty years of a man's life is the best half of it." He said so because those twenty years determine what all the other years shall be. Of course, the memory of those years must be a boon to age.

Think of it. The experience of girls and boys obliterated! Its games, companionships, plays, school-days, rewards, punishments, struggles, studies, counsels, receptions, meetings, and a hundred other experiences, all gone! No memory of home circle and lessons, a father's care, a mother's love, of school opportunities, and pleasures, of lawn tennis, football, baseball, cricket, yachting, coasting, and levees! What a clean sweep of the recollections of one half of life. Poor Adam, who was under the dire necessity of beginning life a man instead of a boy! He fell from his high estate, and God said unto him, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life." No wonder!

When Mary Lyon was principal of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, and her fame as an educator of girls had spread over two continents, she wrote to her aged mother as follows: —

"I have thought much more of you than usual for a week or two past. Although my situation is necessarily very different from what it was in childhood, yet you will not suppose that on this account I love my friends less. I sincerely desire that I may ever be saved from neglecting my early friends, espe-

cially my mother, * to whom I am more indebted than to all others, except my Maker. When I think of my mother, I think of one who ardently and unceasingly desires my temporal and spiritual welfare ; one to whom I owe much I can never repay ; one who never forgets me, and never forgets that I have an immortal soul."

Here is just a single link that binds age to childhood, and it affords a glimpse of the way in which the memory of correct youth becomes a comfort and inspiration to mature life, making it nobler and more useful.

The pictorial illustration that follows this chapter shows you two of the most remarkable men of our day. Both of them are apt illustrations of our theme.

Canon Farrar is still living, one of the most gifted, useful, and influential divines in England. His boyhood was the type of his manhood. Friends predicted of him, when a boy, just what his adult years have revealed to them. The aim, devotion, industry, perseverance, and moral principle of his youth are the prominent characteristics of the man as the world sees him to-day. Who can doubt that the recollection of his boyhood, with its aspiring efforts and noble achievements, has made his manhood better and grander? That it is a richer source of happiness and inspiration to him, even now, than all others?

Phillips Brooks, who died suddenly in 1893, was the beloved among Christian men and women of our

* Her father had been dead many years.

land. He was as true, faithful, and exemplary a boy as he was a man. He never shrank from any task, in school or out, and easily stood at the head of his class in public school and college. His biographer says of him, "Throughout his boyhood and scholastic career he exhibited great physical and intellectual prowess, easily outstripping his fellows in the profoundest studies or in the most exhausting athletic contests. What chiefly distinguished him, however, and was the dominant characteristic of the man in all affairs of life, was his Christian chivalry, a blending of the sturdy manhood of the Puritan and the gentle courtesy of the cavalier."

It was not strange that such a boy became the universally esteemed bishop of Massachusetts. To a friend, who chanced to speak of his early life one day, Mr. Brooks said: "I love to think of those days. I often live over those scenes again, and I am stronger and better for it. It does a man good to remember that he was once a boy; it keeps him younger and humbler, and makes his manhood greater."

The poet Cowper was altogether a nobler man for the memories that his boyhood furnished. He wrote to Lady Hesketh on the receipt of his mother's picture, "I had rather possess my mother's picture than the richest jewel in the British crown; for I loved her with an affection that her death, fifty years since, has not in the least abated."

The famous poem that he wrote, addressed to his mother's portrait, is proof that his youth was an ever-



CANON FARRAR.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

present influence to mould and purify his manhood.
We furnish an extract.

“ My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hovered thy spirit o’er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life’s journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gav’st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss.
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers, Yes!”

LXIV.

THE BIBLE AS A GUIDE.

IN a small town in Massachusetts some years ago there was an attempt to remove the Bible from the public schools. It was the custom then for the pupils to read the scriptures in the morning. But there was a meeting of citizens called to discontinue the practice, if a majority vote could be secured. Among the citizens was an infidel who denied everywhere that the Bible was an inspired book. Of course, he was expected to vote to exclude the Bible from the school.

After those who were conspicuous in calling the meeting had vented their opposition to the scriptures, the infidel arose, and took the company by surprise by supporting the Bible as a reading-book in school.

“ You call me an infidel,” he said, “ and I am, if an infidel is one who does not believe the Bible is the inspired word of God. But I never denied that it is a good book, the very best book that was ever

written. If its standard of morality were attained by this community, it would be a model town in every respect. If our children should reduce its moral lessons to practice, they would be moral children. For this reason I want my children to read it in school and at home. Because I do not believe that the Bible is God's word spoken through good men is no reason why I should discard it. Good men wrote it, and I know a good book when I see it. The Bible is a good book, and I move that we retain it in our school."

He sat down amid great applause. Even some men who came to the meeting to vote the reading of scripture out of school accepted his view, and applauded him enthusiastically. Only the two or three men who called the meeting voted against his motion.

This fact shows that the Bible is a wonderful book, whether regarded as an inspired volume or not. For this reason, it has had a greater circulation than any other book ever known. It has gone into all lands. Its average circulation in our day is *ten million* copies annually. Enemies have tried to limit its distribution, and even to destroy it; but it is stronger than ever in the confidence of the people. And it is found in a great many more languages now than any volume ever issued from the press.

But as a guide for young people it is a marvellous book, unlike any other work ever written. Imagine a schoolroom full of boys and girls testing it on this line, a guide in every-day affairs, work, play, and

sport. Their teacher is umpire, and the pupils bring their appeals.

"Edward became angry at recess," says one.

"Cease from anger and forsake wrath" (Ps. 37 : 8), the teacher reads; and, "Let all bitterness, and wrath and anger be put away from you" (Eph. 4 : 31).

"John used profane language," is another charge preferred.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain" (Ex. 20 : 7).

"Mabel used slang; she said, 'You bet,'" adds one of the girls.

"Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man" (Col. 4 : 6).

"James has been idle all the morning," another.

"An idle soul shall suffer hunger" (Psa. 19 : 15).
"If any would not work, neither shall he eat"
(2 Thes. 3 : 10).

"Mary speaks evil of her associates."

"Speak not evil one of another" (James 4 : 11).

"Nelson told a lie about his skates."

"Putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor" (Eph. 4 : 25). "Lie not one to another" (Col. 3 : 9).

"Some one stole my pencil yesterday."

"Thou shalt not steal" (Ex. 20 : 15). "Let him that stole steal no more" (Eph. 4 : 28).

"Susan tells tales out of school."

"Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer among thy people" (Lev. 19 : 16).

“Marcus deceived me about his money.”

“Evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived” (2 Tim. 3 : 13).

“Nicolas is not honest ; he cheated me.”

“Thou shalt do that which is right and good in the sight of the Lord, that it may be well with thee” (Deut. 6 : 18).

“Is pride a proper spirit to cultivate?” inquires one.

“A man’s pride shall bring him low” (Psa. 29 : 23). “God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble” (James 4 : 6).

“Is envy tolerated by the scriptures?” inquires another.

“Envy is the rottenness of the bones” (Psa. 14 : 30). “Where envying is, there is confusion and every evil work” (James 3 : 16).

“Is it right to retaliate?”

“Say not, I will do so to him as he hath done to me ; I will render to the man according to his work” (Psa. 24 : 29).

“Can a person be covetous without sin?” asked Jane.

“Take heed and beware of covetousness” (Luke 12 : 15). “The covetous whom the Lord abhorreth” (Psa. 10 : 3).

“What is said of disobedience?”

“Cursed be he that setteth light by father or mother” (Deut. 27 : 16).

“God commanded saying, Honor thy father and mother” (Matt. 15 : 4).

Bad companions find no comfort in the scriptures.

“Evil communications corrupt good manners”
(1 Cor. 15:33).

“He that walketh with wise men shall be wise :
but a companion of fools shall be destroyed” (Prov.
13:20).

This might be continued to the end of the virtues and vices. No person can think of a virtue or good act that is not commended, nor a vice or bad act that is not condemned in the Bible. There is counsel for every experience in a young person's life. Every necessary quality is required, as kindness : “Be ye kind one to another” (Eph. 4:32); exercising charity : “Above all things put on charity” (Col. 4:14); cultivating purity : “Blessed are the pure in heart” (Matt. 5:8); and meekness : “Blessed are the meek” (Matt. 5:5); and diligence ; “Six days shalt thou labor” (Ex. 20:9) : “The hand of the diligent shall bear rule” (Prov. 12:24); and knowledge and temperance : “Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance” (2 Pet. 1:4), and so on to the end.

The foregoing shows what a wonderful guide the Bible is for young people. We repeat there is no other book like it. It has a text for every experience, a text to help them through every trouble and over every difficulty. Writing these divine mottoes on their banners, and bearing them aloft in the battle of life, their future success is assured.

When Benjamin Franklin was only eighteen years

of age, he went to London, and applied to a prominent printer for work. At that time there were only two or three printers in this country, and the art was not thoroughly understood by them. So the English printer, to whom he applied for work, ridiculed the idea of a printer from new America seeking work in old England. "Americans can't know much about the business," he said; "we have experienced workmen here."

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," replied young Franklin; "when you have tried one, you can judge better."

This was a reasonable response, and the proprietor told him to show him what he could do.

In a moment Franklin was handling the type with a dexterity that surprised the Englishman. In less time than any compositor in the room could have done it, he set up the forty-sixth verse of the first chapter of John — "And Nathaniel said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see." This delicate rebuke, together with his expert way of handling type, indicated to the English printer that the applicant was no ordinary young man; and he hired him.

Nearly seventy years afterwards, Dr. Franklin was on his death bed, and he said to the son of an old friend who called upon him, "Young man, my advice to you is that you cultivate an acquaintance with and a firm belief in the holy scriptures; this is your certain interest."

LXV.

RELIGION AND LIFE.

RELIGION is absolutely necessary to the highest success. Many youth will be surprised by this statement, because they do not stop to think what religion is. They have connected it in their thoughts with sickness and sorrow, death and funerals, but never with the common things of every-day life. Religion is for the latter experiences more than the former. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come;" just as "profitable" for this life as it is for the next.

Religion elevates and purifies traffic, makes honest manufactures, stimulates invention, approves of art, science, and learning, and directs the accumulation of wealth and the use of it. Take religion out of our worldly life, and there would be little in it to attract or bless. It is a bad business that religion hinders. It helps every pursuit that is necessary and good.

Some years ago, a great lawyer died — Jeremiah Mason — and Daniel Webster was called upon to make remarks at his funeral. Among other things he said: —

"Religion is a necessary and indispensable element in any great human character. There is no living without it. Religion is the tie that binds man with his Creator, and holds him to His throne. If that tie be all sundered, all broken, he floats away,

— a worthless atom in the universe ; its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation, and death. A man with no sense of religious duty is he whom the scriptures describes, in such terse but terrific language, as living ‘without God in the world.’ Such a man is out of his proper being, out of the circle of all his duties, out of the circle of all his happiness, and away, far, far away from the purposes of his creation.”

Webster meant that all the talents, training, and opportunities in the world could not bring true success without they were under the control of religion. In his friend, Jeremiah Mason, he saw a model man in this respect. He believed that Mason made great achievements because his intellectual powers, as well as his moral and spiritual, were subject to religion.

All nations have some sort of religion. They recognize a superior intelligence that guides the affairs of men. In this they agree ; and so all derive from the thought of a superior being the highest motive to action in the circumstances. The lowest and most brutish of the human family are those in whom this idea of a superior intelligence is developed in the smallest degree. If there be a man without this recognition of a greater being, he is a brute in human form. Plato lived before the Christian religion, and yet he possessed some of its best sentiments. On being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, he answered, “ Then I will live

so that no one will believe them." That is a prominent lesson of Christianity, uttered before Christianity was born.

No one can be successful who does not know what life is for; and religion alone can teach that. Many people devote their time to amusement, pleasure, thinking of self, and no one else. Others make life a race for riches or office and fame. Others still concentrate their whole being to shine in the temple of learning. It is because they have no correct idea of what life is for. Religion would teach them.

There are evil opinions and practices, bad associations and habits, improprieties and vices that directly block the way to success. Religion forestalls the very existence of these things; it makes their reign impossible. And then it insists upon the cultivation of those virtues that are universally recognized as indispensable to a successful career, —industry, economy, honesty, fidelity, purity, and all the rest of the divine group.

A gentleman's attention was called to a large English mercantile warehouse that was conducted strictly upon religious principles, having a chapel for devotional exercises.

"Of what use is it all?" he said to an employee who had been twenty years in the service of the firm.

"Of what use! Just see for yourself," answered the employee.

"I mean of what use is religion in a great business, like Budgett's?" continued the man.

"I understand you," replied the employee. "You

must believe what you see. No such mercantile house as this in England for principle, order, harmony, industry, and success. Religion has done it."

Samuel Budgett believed that religion is one of the most practical agencies in common life. He brought his six hundred clerks under its influence to promote their best interests as well as his own; and he realized his highest expectations.

"Practising law on a religious plan!" remarked a gentleman, in a sarcastic way, of Charles Chauncey, Esq., of Philadelphia. "Not much of a chance for religion in the legal practice, I should say."

"But you don't understand what religion is for," replied Dr. Boardman. "It is just the thing needed in all the pursuits of life, if men would only think so. Mr. Chauncey has proved that it is wonderfully helpful and elevating in the law."

When Mr. Chauncey died, Dr. Boardman preached his funeral sermon, in which he said of him: —

"He was ready to employ his great powers for the relief of the poor, the injured, the helpless; to extend to them the charity of time, labor, and attention; protection of those whose resources are feeble, and the information of those whose knowledge is small. This was so well understood that there probably was no man in this community who was so much resorted to for counsel. Distinguished counsellors, young lawyers, and possibly grave judges with their vexed questions, capitalists seeking investments, embarrassed merchants, guardians, perplexed to know what to do with their wards, parents to consult him about their

children, widows anxious to secure their little property, together with suitors of various kinds,— such were the groups that met at his office.” Religion increased and dignified his worldly business.

This spirit, permeating common life, makes it uncommon. Controlling the humblest lot, it exalts it with the highest purpose. Guiding the ignorant and obscure, they find positions of trust and honor. Under its beneficent direction young people are diligent, thoughtful, truthful, faithful, kind, affectionate, studious, and reliable, at home, abroad, in school and out, everywhere.

“Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.” There is nothing greater than this.

LXVI.

PRESS ON.

PRESS on ! there's no such word as fail !

Press nobly on ! The goal is near !

Ascend the mountain ! breast the gale !

Look upward, onward — never fear !

Why shouldst thou faint ? Heaven smiles above,

Though storm and vapor intervene ;

That sun shines on whose name is Love,

Serenely o'er life's shadowed scene.

Press on ! surmount the rocky steeps,

Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch ;

He fails alone who feebly creeps ;
He wins who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero ! Let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And through the ebon walls of night
Hew down a passage unto day.

Press on ! if once and twice thy feet
Slip back and stumble, harder try ;
From him who never dreads to meet
Danger and death, they're sure to fly.
To coward ranks the bullet speeds,
While on their breasts who never quail
Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,
Bright courage, like a coat of mail.

Press on ! if fortune play thee false
To-day, to-morrow she'll be true ;
Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,
Taking old gifts, and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies past and gone ;
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs. Press on ! press on !

Press bravely on ! and reach the goal,
And gain the prize, and wear the crown !
Faint not ! For to the steadfast soul
Come wealth, and honor, and renown.
To thine own self be true, and keep
Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil ;
Press on ! and thou shalt surely reap
A heavenly harvest for thy toil.

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